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PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER I. BROTHER AND SISTER.

Earle Richmond, leaning on the gate which he had reached forth his hand to unclose, contemplated philosophically the dilapidated house in front of him, with its brown, weather-beaten sides, its broken porticos, and its windows, showing here and there a shattered pane, and said he, with a patronizing little nod towards the young girl who stood by his side, looking dreamily at the cloudy spring sunset,

"Some of these years, Pauline, the old house, more weather-stained and ruinous than now, will become an object of so much interest that strangers will journey from afar to visit it, and sketches of it will be as much sought after and highly prized as the finest works of art, from the simple fact that it was the birthplace and early home of the distinguished statesman and powerful advocate of the people's rights—Honorable Earle Richmond."

The girl wheeled around with a mock salute to the future honorable gentleman, and a merry glance at the neglected looking tenement overshadowed by his greatness.

"No doubt the old shell will be carried off piecemeal in honor of the illustrious individual who once occupied it," she said, laughingly. "Honorable Earle Richmond!" Is that all? Upon my word, this 'honorable,' 'distinguished' and 'powerful' brother of mine is more modest than I ever suspected. I supposed nothing short of the Chief Magistracy could satisfy your ambition."

"Well. And perhaps I shall reach even that. I certainly shall if I make up my mind to do it," answered the young man, lifting his handsome head and straightening himself proudly.

"Unless some circumstance beyond your control should interpose to prevent," suggested Pauline.

"'Circumstance' a bugbear that threatens cowards, and scares them from the way they want to go, just as the roaring of chained lions scared those chicken-hearted pilgrims of old Bunyan's," cried Earle, with curling lip. "A brave man makes his own circumstances; nothing can daunt him or turn him from his purpose. By one way or another he will reach the goal of his aspirations."

"By one way or another." That signifies 'by fair means or foul,' I suppose," replied Pauline, as Earle swung open the creaking gate and passed with her up to the porch steps where they sat down together. "I can imagine a selfish, intriguing, favor-seeking politician arguing in that fashion, and scrambling to reach the prize for which he runs, with just as little scrupulousness regarding ways and means. Brave man he, as you reckon bravery, but I count him more courageous who sacrifices his own personal ambitions in the interest of truth, working always for the highest good of others without thought of self-advancement, willing to serve in low places if thereby he can more effectually promote the happiness and better the condition of his fellow men. Is not he a hero? Is not he the mightiest of conquerors who triumphs over self? The world has no favor to confer on him. The honors, preferences, emoluments, after which meaner men strive, even to the corruption of their own souls, are nought to him whose consciousness of having used to the best advantage every talent intrusted him by his Master is reward exceeding

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the sum of all earthly dignities, pomps, and possessions. For these things in themselves give no satisfaction, I suppose; as one who has spent all his strength to obtain them may find, learning too late the lesson that not what he holds but what he is, makes a man happy or miserable. I came across some old, old verses the other day which so nearly express my idea of human perfectness that I made a copy of them. Shall I read them for you, Earle?" And Pauline drew from her pocket a note-book crowded with closely-written extracts gathered from all sources, for no stray volume or paper ever passed through her hands without leaving in memory or manuscript the best part of itself.

"In a moment, Pauline; but first I want to say that the kind of man you describe lives only in poetry; in the world of hard, prosaic facts, nobody that I ever heard of has once set eyes on him. He is a very mythical personage indeed, and walks among the stars along with the gods and goddesses of the old Greeks and Egyptians. For people who do good from disinterested motives, my credulous little sister, you shall search the world over, and find them at last—between the covers of a story book. Don't look so shocked and indignant. It isn't a crime to love ourselves best, and our neighbor next; the Lord, for His own wise purpose, made us so. Self-love is the acting principle in human nature, the hidden main-spring in every noble work of philanthropy and reform by which the world is driven forward towards the millennium. It is the means God uses to accomplish His ends. No man will work heartily except with the hope of reward—wealth, honor, position, fame, love, bread, or whatsoever may be the thing desired—each has some selfish end in view, and, laboring with every faculty to attain it, unconsciously helps to carry out the broader plans of Providence. And, my dear, by the simplest process of reasoning imaginable, one may very readily convince himself that the higher position he holds, the larger will be his means and opportunities of doing good; so the willingness of that self-sacrificing philanthropist of yours 'to serve in low places,' proves him more humble than wise. Now for the poetry; I lend you my ears."

"I have a mind to box them. Do not suppose, because I am not ingenious enough to answer your arguments, that I am convinced by them. I am thankful my own motives are not so invariably selfish as to induce me to believe those of my fellows so."

"Why! that sounds very much like the Pharisee thanking God he is not as other men."

Now, I feel more like praying in the true publican spirit—Lord be merciful to us *all* miserable sinners. Come, give me the book. I see you would consider reading the verses to me now as casting pearls before swine. Is this the page, with the leaf turned down? The light is growing faint, but then your characters are clear as print, by which sign I perceive, and thank Heaven, you will never be a literary woman. Harken, now, while I challenge you to fresh admiration of your ancient author—

"He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey."

"And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem."

"He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise,
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirate quails;
Justice he sees (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill."

"He sees the face of right as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man,
Who puts it in all colors, all attire,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit."

"Nor is he moved by all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on other's crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks
The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall."

"Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone."

"And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety."

"And this is a man after your own heart, Pauline! A cold, cynical, philosophizing monster of self-righteousness, with no tender charity for his brother when he goes astray—no helping hand or comforting word for him in his distresses. Out upon such majestic indifference—such lofty, dispassionate, statuesque goodness! The world is no better for it. Now I like a man who doesn't scorn to mingle freely with his fellows, and take part in their affairs; who strips off his cumbering king's robe of stateliness and runs hot races with them; who gives and asks favors of them; loves, hates, laughs, cries, sows, reaps, enjoys, and suffers, aye, and sometimes sins with them—a live man with a human heart in him, thrilling and swelling with human sympathies, human ambitions, human desires; a brother, Pauline, whose hand we can clasp and cling to in perplexity and peril, while that cold abstraction, that flinty iceberg, that stone image which your imagination crowns with the noblest virtues and perfections of manhood, stands afar off on his lofty pedestal, and, with a smirk of self-conceit and conscious superiority, comments on the weakness of human nature, moralizing, and theorizing, and philosophizing, in a transcendental kind of a way, about as intelligible and instructive to us poor worms of the dust as the profound 'waugh-hoo—hoo-hoo' of that great horned preacher of the woods, the burden of whose solemn nocturnal discourses seems to be always, the follies and vanities of man. Well, now, this is a treasure of a book. Transcript and critique, all in one. What a selfish creature, you, to keep such a choice bit of reading hidden away from a poor fellow so sadly in need of a little innocent diversion. Why, we will make out an index and publish the whole under the caption of 'Gleanings from Rag-bags and Wrapping-papers, With Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Gleaner.' Then you will have attained the height of a woman's ambition—next to wearing a finer gown than her neighbor—you will have published a book."

Pauline reached out her hand imperiously for the little volume, the leaves of which Earle had been carelessly turning while he talked, but with provoking coolness he slipped it into his breast pocket, and gave her his hand instead.

"I am going to keep it to investigate by daylight," he said, "and perhaps I shall take it away with me; you owe me a parting gift, you know. With such a rare faculty as you have for discovering precious gems of wit and wisdom in fragments of old newspapers, and stray leaves of tattered and antiquated books which

nobody else reads, you can soon compile another."

"This 'rare faculty,' as you please to name it, has been developed by necessity," said Pauline, a little bitterly. "Out of such materials as come in my way, I try to gather what good I can."

"Oh, you poor, patient little gleaner," cried Earle, with mock pity. "When I am the honorable and distinguished member from—I will send you tons of Congressional Reports. Think of the rich feast—the intellectual banquet in store for you!"

"Do be sensible, Earle, on this last night of your visit."

"I will. But don't you believe you *are* a trifle too bookish 'for a girl?' Don't you think this is the reason why you never frizzle and furbelow your hair as other maids do, and wear cunning little monkey-jackets embroidered with beads, and otherwise ornament yourself with dogs' ears, cat's paws, horse shoes and the like? And don't you ever suspect this to be the secret cause of your unpopularity with the young gentlemen, who have a right to consider themselves the chief subject of your thoughts and meditations?"

"Really, I cannot form any opinion respecting the causes of things I have scarcely observed," replied Pauline, rising and ascending the steps.

Earle got up and followed her.

"Let us be sensible, Pauline," he said, entreatingly, as if she were the offender. "Tomorrow I am going out to meet the world—to wrest from it advantage, place, and power. The contest will be sharp; it may be long, but victory, to the resolute, is certain. Tell me, sister of my heart, will your blessing and your prayers follow me?"

"You, who have such unbounded confidence in your own powers, and so little doubt as to the issue of the battle before you, can hardly feel the need of divine assistance, or ask that it may be implored, yet in every manly and honorable course of action I shall pray God to prosper you," answered Pauline, looking past him to the western sky from which the light of day had wholly faded. "See yonder, tottering on the horizon's rim, the splendor of his stars dimmed by the April mists, Orion, with his faint right arm upraised to strike at an adversary no longer visible; looks he not like a gray old warrior-king chasing the phantom of a foe long-buried?"

"Aye; and a little while ago, how royally he strode through heaven, dazzling us with his

own magnificence, and astonishing us with the splendors of his retinue. A lesson for us toiling, ambitious mortals, by my faith! To reach with infinite labor the summit of all we dared or dreamed, and, for a brief space, to glitter and glow, in the glory and pride of our strength, over the heads of gaping and envious fools; then to slide irresistibly down the slope of life into the weakness and imbecility of old age, and at last to drop out of the sight and memory of men. Oh, vain toil! Oh, boasted but empty reward!"

"Nay, Earle, if one run his race nobly, if he use wisely and well the gifts of his God, if he fulfil faithfully his portion in the grand plan of creation, he shall go down to old age like a conqueror, crowned with bay and amaranth; and though his brave spirit may be for a little time clouded and palsied by the infirmities of its dissolving tenement, just as the splendors of the old star-king yonder are eclipsed by the vapors of earth, yet beyond this narrow horizon he shall rise in the glorious beauty and strength of renewed youth, and with feet winged by the good deeds of his mortal life, shall mount without weariness the ever-ascending paths that lead up to the sacred city and court of God."

"And how with him who does not run nobly, nor use his gifts wisely, nor faithfully fulfil his part in creation's grand plan? Shall he have wings to his feet?" Earle asked, with simplicity.

"No; clogs and chains which every lost opportunity for good shall fasten upon him—a gray, idiotic old man to all eternity, creeping round and round in a narrow, never-changing circle, seeking that he shall not find, and muttering, with dreary discontent, your very words, 'Oh, vain toil! Oh, boasted but empty reward!'"

"Now, praise the Lord, a woman isn't to judge sinners," ejaculated Earle, with fervency.

A curly little head thrust out at the door, and a piping, childish voice, calling the truants to come in, interrupted at this juncture a conversation which might have been continued, heaven knows how long, for these two could never get done talking to each other, slipping from one theme to another on the slenderest thread of association. Brother and sister they called themselves, and thus they are introduced to the reader; but they were only nominally such. Earle's mother dying in his infancy, his father had formed a second alliance with Christine Dudley, a widow lady having one child, the Pauline of our story.

"Mamma wants you to come in," piped the

voice at the door. "Mamma thes the tinks you've taid out here long 'nough talking met—met—atithics."

"Talking what, Jaky?"

"Thome kind o' tithices—I don't know," said Jaky, confusedly. "Ithn't it thuch kind as Margy Brown hath?"

"Well, Jaky, possibly it will be if we don't go in out of the fog," laughed Pauline, as she passed into the family living-room, followed by Earle, who, with Jaky clinging to his hand, walked round to the vacant chair by the side of his step-mother, and sat down with a mock dutiful and deprecating air, as if he expected a reprimand. But the lady, grave and preoccupied, with a shadow of care and trouble on her brow, and a mouth whose youthful sweetness was gradually yielding to the slow, creeping, shrewish lines of unrepressed impatience and vexation, kept her eyes fastened steadfastly on her work, and vouchsafed, for the present, not a word. On the opposite side of the table sat two young girls playing dominoes, and bearing in features so close a resemblance to the elder lady as to indicate at once the relation in which they stood to her, though on their pretty, characterless faces the mother's cloud of care and vexation had not yet settled. A strong contrast Pauline formed to these youthful half-sisters as she stood behind them watching the progress of their game, her flexible mouth and large, luminous eyes—the color of which no one had ever yet been able to decide—changing expression with every passing feeling; while the faces of the others remained impassive, seeming incapable of any manifestation of life, except by voluntary muscular action—winking and turning their blue, china doll eyes in their sockets, and stretching their prettily curved lips to something called a smile, though very unlike Pauline's smile, which was a burst of sunshine from within, irradiating her whole countenance.

Apart from the others, and a little in the shadow, sat the master of the house, with head bent upon his breast, revolving the one idea which of late possessed him, and which nobody could be found to share; namely, that under his ill-cultivated lands lay hidden a rich bed of iron ore that would make him some day an immensely wealthy man, independent of the world's frown or favor. To obtain capital to prosecute the work of developing the resources of this real or imaginary mine of wealth, he had already mortgaged his land, secure in the belief that he should soon be able to pay off a thousand such paltry claims; but as yet no

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discoveries had been made sufficient to encourage any one less sanguine and determined than Josiah Richmond, who upon the subject of his iron mine was accounted something of a lunatic.

"Well!" rousing at last from his abstraction, and breaking forth in eulogy of his favorite metal, as was his custom. "Well, certainly, iron is the most useful of all known minerals. Without iron, I may confidently assert, we could not be a civilized nation. Ah, I hadn't noticed that you had come in, Earle, my boy. Well, sir, I think in two or three days at the farthest, we shall reach a compact bed of the valuable ore. I feel more and more encouraged by the indications which multiply with every day's work."

Smiles satirical, or pitiful, flitted over the faces of his listeners; only little Jaques, perched on Earle's knee, and seeming the sole one who shared his father's enthusiasm, chuckled, gleefully, clapping his hands, "My! how rich we shall be when father gets his iron."

CHAPTER II.—PAULINE'S FIELD OF LABOR.

I hate to describe people. I hate to have people with whom I am to meet described to me; their little peculiarities—their pet theories—their strong and their weak points. I like to find them all out myself, unbiased by prejudice of any sort. So in stories, the parts I feel most inclined to skip are analysis of characters that figure in it, where the author, performing the office of critique, thrusts his judgment on the reader. I say, turning the leaf on his glowing eulogies, and his darkly worded reprobations, will he not permit me to judge from their subsequent action whether his hero is the incarnation of all human virtues, and his villain a monster of wickedness? And why should he pause in his relation to clap his hands over every worthy act of the one, as if virtue needed or deserved any special commendation, and why does he preach tiresome dissertations on the naughty deeds of the other, as if the moral sense of the reader were too obtuse to distinguish between right and wrong? Does he fear but for those precautions his villain will be mistaken for the goodlier man?

As for the heroine whose graces of person and sublimity of character it takes twenty octavo pages to describe, before she can enter upon the first act, I must confess that in general she doesn't meet the expectations to which I have been stimulated by the panegyrics of her enthusiastic showman, who, I fancy, would make an excellent writer of puffs for new patent medicines.

All things considered, I hold it the safer, as it certainly is the pleasanter way, to let the reader form his own opinion of the people with whom he meets in this story, only forewarning him that he will not find them patterns of goodness, nor yet, I hope, patterns of wickedness (a superfluous pattern, truly,) but simply common mortals like himself, with faults and virtues like his own, and whose "works and conversation" he is at entire liberty to criticize with what severity he pleases.

Upon the same day that Earle Richmond brought his brief home-visit to a close, and went away to the practice of his hard-earned profession, Pauline Dudley began her season's work in a little, brown, district school-house, a few miles from home, quite uncheered by any such dreams of future emolument and distinction as fired the brain of her ambitious foster-brother, but quite as happy withal. Occupation, discipline, and a slight pecuniary profit, were the advantages of the situation; the first, pleasing to Pauline, the second, confessedly needful, and the third, not a thing to be despised in the Richmond family, who were beginning to find the celebrated iron mine of the head and master, a decidedly expensive item of property, and cast back eyes of longing to the day when they had not heard or dreamed of their costly buried possessions, which threatened to devour all their substance, and give back nought in return.

Now this temple of learning at Hemlock Hollow, where Pauline, as mistress of ceremonies, was to spend the summer days, deserves special notice as being a fair sample of a kind of architecture which is slowly disappearing, though in a day's ride through certain localities, one may yet see many specimens of it.

A low, unpainted, wooden structure, separated from the dusty highway by a little patch of grass, interspersed with mayweed and dandelion, and reached by a flight of broken steps, bordered on either side, in summer, by a rank growth of burdock; its door, battered, weather-stained and latchless; its windows, curtainless and shutterless, fixed two upon a side like staring lidless eyes, shattered by careless school-boys' ball; its loose boards creaking and groaning in the rough spring wind; its warped lichen-covered shingles standing up fiercely like the quills of a fretted porcupine—the whole an offensive eye-sore, whose ugliness nature was not permitted to veil by trailing vine or sheltering bough, wherein the birds of Heaven might rest their tired wings and nest their tender young. So much for the exterior; the

internal arrangements were equally beautiful. A dark little entry, where were stowed the hats, cloaks, and dinner-pails of the children; beyond that, a cold, unlighted, unventilated dungeon, whose hingeless door proclaimed the happy fact that it had fallen into disuse, and upon the right of these the apartment in which the school exercises were conducted, occupied upon three sides by straight, immovable shelves, ambitiously styled "desks," before which were ranged long, rough benches, designed for the accommodation of all whose intellectual acquirements entitled them to the use of aforesaid "desks," without respect to ease or proper physical development, compelling the unfortunately small in stature to strained and unnatural postures in order to reach an elevation adjusted to a larger growth.

These seats Pauline found in the course of her first day's exercise to be a fruitful source of contention between her pupils, productive of divers little skirmishes of so ludicrous a character as to nearly upset the gravity which, in consideration of her office, she felt called to maintain.

On one side, Sally Jones, with firm-set mouth and resolute air, signalling to her boon companions to rise, would pull up the bench in close proximity to the desk, whereupon Susan Bright, with a malicious twinkle in her eye, would marshal her forces at the other extremity and push it out again with a noise like thunder.

"Can't Susan Bright let this bench be; say, school-ma'am?" Sally would burst forth, in a hot flash of indignation, and before Pauline could reply, back fired Susan,

"I should think Sal Jones 'd better let it be herself!"

The occupants of the other seats seemed to experience similar difficulty in effecting an arrangement satisfactory to all concerned, and in striving to act as umpire between the contending parties, both being wrong, poor Pauline was fain to achieve a compromise by drawing a middle line between the positions claimed for the offending benches, lest in favoring by so much as an inch, the fancied rights of one faction she should be suspected of partiality, and so subject the opposition to endless jealousies and heart-burnings.

The centre of the room was occupied by a huge "box stove" that blushed redly for its pitiful lack of polish, and upon two sides of this were stationed smaller benches for the use of younger classes who had not yet arrived at that golden epoch in life when they might be granted the privilege of sitting on a "big bench" and

having a share in those delectable—desks, and who with bent backs and bare feet swinging restlessly like tireless pendulums, sat watching the new school-ma'am with great wistful, questioning eyes, till, with pity in her heart, she turned them all out into the soft sunshine to take their fill of blessed freedom in the unrestrained exercise of lungs and limbs.

The queen's throne in this miniature kingdom, richer in subjects than in resources, was a rough sort of stand elevated a step from the common floor, comprising a writing desk and a stationary bench, the former of such extraordinary height and the latter of such extremelowness as to render their use in conjunction quite impossible, the general hardness and uncomfortableness of the whole being such as would have rejoiced the heart of the most devout anchorite with unbounded faith in the atoning virtue and soul-saving power of bodily affliction.

Overhead the plaster had fallen off in divers places, leaving bare, unsightly blotches; the walls were defaced by rude caricatures with the names of former unpopular teachers written underneath—a sad warning to all predecessors—the desks were blackened here and there by great blots and running streams of ink, and hacked savagely by the industrious jack-knives of Young America, who, having been forbidden to indulge in such pastimes, had instantly felt the greatest desire to do so, and had done so upon the first secret opportunity; the floor was discolored by dirt ground into it by the ever restless feet of occupants, and filthy with tobacco-juice splashed into every corner and cranny by that august body, the school-committee, who had convened there the preceding night to consider the subject of woman's wages, and to decide the important question as to whether it were best to favor the application of Miss Pauline Dudley for a remuneration of services, sufficient to admit of her providing for herself a steady boarding-place; and who had unanimously resolved, with an unanimous inclination of their heads to spit, that such an application was without precedent in Hemlock Hollow, and that two dollars per week and "board around" ought to satisfy any young woman of reasonable expectations. Furthermore resolved, upon motion of the chief, who could roll the largest quid and spit the farthest, that the extravagance of young women was a thing awful to contemplate, and that the only way to restrict the frightful evil was to diminish supplies. Moved, that the wages of Miss Pauline Dudley be fixed at six dollars per month. Objected to by committee, who had a

daughter ambitious to become a schoolma'am. Proposed amendment, splitting the difference between six and eight. Motioned, that the vote appropriating the extravagant sum of eight dollars a month to a woman with no indigent husband and helpless little children to support, be reconsidered. Vote reconsidered, and joint resolution passed with amendment.

"I will do what I can to improve and beautify, but I will not let the things I cannot help, vex, and worry, and cheat me out of my legitimate right to happiness," Pauline said to herself, as, at the close of her first day's work, she stood in the door and surveyed her surroundings, running, finally, down the steps and out upon the green plot in front, wheeling around so as to command a perfect view of the "situation."

"Ugly old thing," she said, shaking her parasol defiantly at the house as if it had human understanding. "Ugly, old, weather-beaten, clumsy, misshapen thing; but you cannot sink my heart again as you did this morning. I am going to—ha, ha!—I am going to make you beautiful. I will have your great staring eyes droop modestly under paper lids until Nature can grow me waving curtains of morning-glories, reflecting the still splendors of sunrise; wild grape-vine and ivy shall send their little, creeping, clinging fingers in search of all the gaping cracks and crevices in your walls, around which shall file gay-capped hollyhocks like stately grenadiers on guard; and by your broken steps shall grow, in place of those vile weeds, flowers that the children love—drowsy poppies, unwinking marigolds, blustering peonies, ragged robins, and William the sweet—and somewhere, oh, somewhere in your shadow, I will have a bed of heart's-ease all my own."

The grim old house seemed to brighten at its beautiful prospects—with its windows reflecting the radiance of the low afternoon sun, just struggling from the folds of an enveloping cloud, it presented a dazzling front, and to Pauline's eyes, grown suddenly dreamy and thoughtful, it looked like an uncouth body fired by an immortal spirit. Had it not, after all, an indwelling beauty which she had failed to perceive? A latent interest in its connection with human life which she had blindly overlooked? How many had received there an impetus in the path which they would travel through all time and all eternity! How love, mercy, justice, truth, against envy, malice, falsehood, and revenge, had contended there for mastery in fresh young souls, that had since gone forth into the great arena of life, to work

out the results of early influences in the loving service of God, or in willing bondage to sin! How many, like herself, had entered there upon the discharge of duties whose import, perhaps, they had not fully recognized, whose sacredness she herself did not sufficiently realize. How had they acquitted themselves? How should she acquit herself? Oh that God, who knew the weakness of her heart, she said, would enable her at all times to feel the magnitude of her office, and that, with constant purpose and obedient will, she might execute, so far as revealed to her, His perfect law of right.

The sound of slow-moving carriage-wheels close beside her, startled her from her fit of abstraction, and, looking hastily around, she encountered two pairs of laughing eyes, the owners of which slightly inclined their heads, bending forward as if half disposed to forego conventional proprieties and address her.

Picking up the parasol that had slipped from her hold, and putting on her shaker, which she had been swinging by the strings, she moved quickly away, laughing softly to herself as she thought of the absurd appearance she must have presented, gazing with wrapt attention at that poor old hovel, as if it had been the Church of St. Peter, or the Colosseum at Rome. Who were the strangers? she wondered. They looked so happy and comfortable—the handsome gentleman, and the bright young Miss at his side—but she did not envy them. Was she not happy, too? Dear Nature laid hands of blessing on her as she turned her tired feet into her sunny ways, bowing with grateful heart to all tender and gracious influences, and remembering no more the vexing trifles of the day that had pricked her very soul with their petty stings. Pleasant were the breaks of sunshine through the foamy clouds; pleasant the soft west wind laden with the perfume of unfolding leaves; pleasant the love-song of the birds; pleasant the road, cutting its smooth way through green, fragrant meadows, fair, sweet pictures of beauty and content; and pleasant the red farm-house, with its quaint dormer-windows and avenue of lilacs in delicious bloom, before which the young teacher paused, for here she was to find, for one night at least, lodging and fare with the "committee man," who had voted against the awful extravagance of young women, and proposed the means of abating the alarming evil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Let a youth who stands at a bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

MADALINE, THE LITTLE FRENCH SINGER.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

A little girl sat in a garden in Paris. Her hands were folded idly in her lap. Her hair shone like gold in the sunlight. Her dress was plain and neat, while a small diamond pin, which held the fine cambric handkerchief carelessly thrown around her neck to protect it from the morning air, revealed that her position in life was one of ease and affluence.

It was in October. A few flowers yet bloomed among the borders of boxwood; a few bunches of grapes purpled out of reach on the trellises; while the falling leaves were twirled here and there by the breeze. The little girl watched a whirling leaf for awhile, then patted the head of the house-dog that sat beside her, looking wistfully into her face—a gruff, grim, faithful sentinel, in his shaggy coat.

"Well, old Carlo," she said, still patting him, "how do you do, *anyhow*? I want somebody to talk to. There is nobody at the house this morning but old Mother Connaut, and she is as grum as an ogress and as crabbit as a griffin! She won't talk, nor romp, nor *nothing*. She is a good old soul, though, I must say. Don't you think so, Carlo? Many a dainty bit she has set aside for you—at least a *dog* would call such bites dainty. But I forget. Connaut will not talk, and you *cannot*—though I believe that you would if you could.

Carlo rubbed his nose affectionately against the little girl's knees, and wagged his tail, scattering the pebbles in the walk. The little girl took up a few of the pebbles, and, while she tossed them about in her hands, she sang a verse of a song. Oh! it was delicious! like the trill of a bird—clear, distinct, rapturous.

Just then a man jumped over a low place in the garden wall, and came toward the little singer. The dog growled threateningly.

"Be quiet, Carlo," said she. "Down with you!"

The intruder was a little old man, with gold spectacles, and a massive gold watch chain. His face was full, kind, genial. His broad chin was smoothly shaven, his eyes twinkled merrily, and he had an odd trick of shrugging up his shoulders.

"Good-morning, Miss!" said the old gentleman.

The little girl did not know what to say, so she nodded pleasantly.

"You will excuse me," said he.

"What for?" asked she.

"For jumping over the wall."

"Oh! Other folks *do* come in through the gate, since I think of it. That is what gates are for," said the little girl.

"My name is Cruvelli—Professor Cruvelli," said the old man, a little pompously.

"And mine is Madaline," said she. "I live here."

"So I thought," said the professor, taking a pinch of snuff. "Perhaps you do not know me. I am a musician—a great violinist—a composer. I make people laugh and cry. They risk suffocation to hear me; they crowd; they cry 'bravo' and 'encore.' I don't mind them.

I draw my bow, I play my arias, and grow rich—very rich. I am trying to talk now so that you can understand me. I heard you sing. Your voice is sweet and clear; it leaps the octaves; it cuts the air like a lark in the morning. I have just composed a precious little *morceau*. You shall learn it. You shall sing it at the theatre."

"No, I shall not," said Madaline, bluntly.

"I will give you one hundred francs."

"No."

"Five hundred."

"No."

"Five hundred francs *every time* you sing it."

"Please excuse me," said Madaline.

"Why will you not sing it?"

"Oh, I might consent to sing it, but not in the theatre. That is a wicked place. It is wrong to be seen there. It is no place for little girls."

"Well, you may be right, Madaline," and the professor took another pinch of snuff, and crammed the box into his pocket in a manner which betrayed that he was slightly vexed.

"You may be right, I say. But come to my house and learn the aria, anyhow. Here is my card."

Madaline took the card, and the old gentleman left, again jumping over the wall. She started for the house, with the dog at her heels. At the gate she was met by a boy. His clothing, though neat, was threadbare. His eyes were clear and honest, and his forehead high and broad. He had a crutch in one hand, and leaned upon another.

"Good-morning, Madaline," he said.

"How do you do, Lionel?" she answered briskly.

"Not very well. That fall through the hatchway has crippled me for life. What am I to do now?"

"Yes, that is it. What are you to do now? I cannot tell."

"If I could go to college—to *L'Ecole de Droit*."

"You would become a great man, eh?" and Madaline's eyes shone as she spoke.

"Perhaps not," said Lionel, blushing.

"And why not go?"

"Ah! why not? That you should ask!"

"I understand you. You have not the means. Well, how much will it take?"

"To graduate?"

"So! You have even thought of that! Well, how much will it take?"

"I have never asked. A great sum, Madaline—more than I can ever raise. Let us not talk about it. It makes me feel sad."

Madaline shaded her eyes with her hands a minute. Something was flashing through her busy little brain.

"Lionel," she said, "I have often thought of you—especially since that shocking accident. You have always been kind to me. You have done me some favors."

"None worth speaking of, Madaline."

"Perhaps I can help you to the money? I will try. Mind, I only said *perhaps*. Meet me here at this time to-morrow."

"I will, Madaline. May God bless you."

Madaline hurried into the house. She did not see that the crippled boy threw kisses after her with his hand.

Up stairs she went. She was in search of her father. She found him in the library. He was an elderly man, with a pleasant face, and light hair like hers, only his face just then wore a sad and worried look.

He looked up and spoke to her, and then became again absorbed in the mass of papers on the table in front of him.

"Pa," she cried, "I want you to give me five hundred francs in the morning."

He merely elevated his brows a little; but upon her repeating the request, he looked up and asked her what she wanted with so much money.

"That is to be a secret," she replied. "I will put it to a good use."

"I have no doubt of that. I would like to oblige my little girl very much," he said, kindly, although his face grew sadder. "But

at present I cannot. My mind and money must be directed into another channel. Things have not been going right, and it will require much watchfulness, and more economy, to save me from a serious loss."

A moment afterwards, he was again lost in those mysterious papers, forgetting that his little daughter Madaline was in the room.

Did she pout, and storm, and insist upon being humored? No, she did not; she was too good for that. She felt and knew that her father's reason for not obliging her was sufficient to himself, and she felt it her duty to believe that it should be sufficient to herself also. She stole quietly out of the room, though slightly disappointed.

How was she to aid Lionel now? She thought of the proposition made to her in the garden. She looked at the card, and saw on it,

PROF. VERNET CRUVELLI,

No. 49 Rue de Rivoli.

"I will go and see him this afternoon," she said to herself; and then she sang a verse of the little song that had attracted the attention of the composer.

She went to his house in the afternoon, and met Lionel at the garden gate the next morning, as she had promised she would. And every day thereafter, for a week, she went to the professor's to practice.

In a little while, on flaming placards, was read a notice of a new musical prodigy—"Le Petite Gabrielle, the Wonderful," "The Little Queen of Song," &c. The theatre in which she sang drew great crowds.

"I believe I will go and hear the little singer who is creating such an excitement," said Madaline's father, pushing back his chair from the supper-table. "This is announced as the third and last night. Would you like to go, Madaline?"

"Excuse me, pa," she said. He was not looking at her just then, or he would have wondered why her face grew so red.

On the evenings of Madaline's engagement at the theatre, a carriage called for her at the house of the professor, and left her there again. It did not take her long to perform her part, and it came early on the programme. Hence, she had not been from home long enough to have made her absence a subject of remark.

Madaline's father went to the theatre. At the appointed time, a beautiful, fair-haired girl, plainly and chastely attired, came on the stage and sang.

Oh, such singing! It was grand, exquisite!

Demonstrations of applause rent the building. The father clapped his hands in delight, and cried "encore" with the rest. He knew his little girl. He made his way to the door of the green-room. He got into the carriage with her.

"Madaline, what does this mean?" he asked. "Forgive me, pa! I shall sing no more in public. They paid me five hundred francs a night."

"Five hundred francs!"

"Yes. Three nights—fifteen hundred francs. To-morrow I shall give them to Lionel, the cripple. He wants to go to the Academy *L'Ecole de Droit*!"

"You dear little angel!" cried her father, embracing and kissing her. "And was it for that you wanted me to give you that money? You say you will not sing any more?"

"If you do not wish me to."

"Yes, but you shall—I do wish you to. The hand of Providence is in this. That my child should have such a gift! See here, Madeline. Through the treachery of a friend I have become fearfully embarrassed."

"Is that why you put me off when I asked you for money? And I shall sing for you how many nights?"

"As many as need be, you dear, good child."

And Madaline—*Le Petite Gabrielle* of the flaming placard—sang for the season, and saved her father from bankruptcy.

MUSIC.

Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers, or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections, is far from being perceived by many of its admirers: a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were, with a golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in unison, and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young—a more subdued strain for the aged—but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so popular in public.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

JAMIE.

BY CORA MAY.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night,
Jamie so bold and gay;
The twilight shadows are falling now—
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome, and manly too,
He will be good and great;
But, father, why is our darling boy
Staying away so late?"

"Why, wife, our boy is a child no more,
He has grown to man's estate,
He has gone a courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late.
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the calm, sweet twilight hour
A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away
Now we are growing so old?
We have shielded him tenderly all his life,
Our love has never grown cold.
The maid can never love him as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, mother, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet
That you stole my heart away.
I had a father, old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me tenderly all their life—
But my heart went out to you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild;
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child.
She thought of the lovely morn when she
Stood close by her lover's side
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride.

THINGS NOT PLEASANT TO HEAR.

We are all more or less restive when we hear things said that conflict with our opinions or prejudices; and all more or less inclined to be angry with those who give utterance to these things. But it is the conflict with prejudice that most quickly awakens anger. If our opinions are founded on justice, humanity, and right reason, we may be calm when they are assailed, because we are assured of their truth, and know how to defend them. Not so in the assault on prejudice. It has no right reason on its side—no armor of defence—and, when assailed, too often grows blind with passion.

BLIND NELLY'S BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Take a large bite, Tom."

The words fell on my ears as I was passing through the market, and I stopped to look at the speaker. He was a small, ragged boy, with a soiled and sun-browned face, and in front of him stood a smaller lad, thin and sickly in appearance. The first mentioned boy had an apple in his hand, which he was holding to the other's mouth.

"Take a good big bite," said he, repeating his invitation, and the hungry little fellow opened his mouth so wide, and gripped so large a portion with his teeth, that I was sure the "good big bite" would take at least half the apple, and I was not mistaken.

"Well, that was a big bite, sure enough, Tom!" exclaimed the larger boy, stretching his eyes wide open, and looking amused, as the hungry little fellow crunched the piece of fruit he had bitten off.

"I didn't mean to bite so deep," said the pale-faced child, as soon as his mouth was clear enough for speech, and he looked half ashamed at the greediness he had shown.

"Oh, never mind—you're welcome!" replied the other, with a generous air and tone that made my heart warm towards him. There were some apples in the basket which I carried on my arm, and taking one, I handed it to the larger boy, saying, as I did so—

"That's right. Always share your good things with the smaller ones. Is he your brother?" I asked, as I put an apple into the hand of the little one, also.

"Oh, no, ma'am," answered the lad. "He's blind Nelly's boy; and there isn't anybody to see after him."

"Who's blind Nelly?" I asked.

"She used to live in our court; but she went blind, and they took her to the poor-house."

"And there isn't anybody to see after Tom?"

"No, ma'am."

"Where does he live?" I asked.

"He doesn't live anywhere."

"Oh, but he must live somewhere!" I answered.

"Where does he sleep at night?"

"Where do you sleep, Tom?" asked his companion. "Tell the lady."

The ashen-faced child had been gazing at me with his large, sad looking eyes, and reading my countenance in an eager, wistful way that

was touching to see. At the sentence, "Tell the lady," he dropped his eyes and shrunk behind his companion.

"Speak out like a man, Tom! Don't be afraid. The lady won't hurt you," said the larger boy, encouragingly. "Tell her where you sleep o' nights."

But Tom still kept behind the older boy.

"Where did you sleep last night?" I inquired.

"In a barrel," he answered.

"In a barrel! What do you mean?"

"It's over in the board-yard," said Tom, beginning to show some confidence. "There was hay in it."

"Have you slept there before?"

"No, ma'am."

"Where did you sleep night before last?"

"In the Station House."

"How came that?"

"Oh, I hadn't been doing anything," answered the child, quickly. "I only went to sleep on a cellar-door."

A pain ran through my heart. An absorbing pity took possession of me. I thought of my own little boy, not a day older than Tom, and in fancy saw him cast off from love, and care, and every comfort of life—a homeless wanderer at night in the desolate streets of a great city. It was impossible for me to keep the tears back from my eyes, and I turned my head away to conceal them. When I looked again at the child, it was with no hesitating purpose.

"I live," said I, to the elder boy, "at No. 148 ——— Street. Will you bring Tom to my house?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with light breaking all over his countenance; "I'll do it right away." Then coming nearer to me, he said, in a lower voice—"Tom isn't one of the bad boys, ma'am. He doesn't swear, nor tell lies, nor steal. He's a right good little boy."

"Thank you for telling me so. I am glad to hear it," I returned. "Now be sure to bring him."

When I got home from market, I found the two ragged little boys already there and waiting for me. I noted a change in both of them. When I left them in the market-house, their hands and faces were all begrimed; now, they

were clean. They had stopped at a hydrant on the way, and washed off the dirt. I hailed this as a good omen.

"What is your name?" I asked of the largest boy.

"Mike Taylor," he answered.

"Are your parents alive?"

"No, ma'am. I live with my aunt."

"What does she do?"

"She goes out scrubbing and house-cleaning when she can get anything to do; but she drinks whisky, and the people won't have her about much."

"Oh dear! That is bad!" I remarked.

"Yes, ma'am, it is very bad," he said, and sighed.

I looked into his clear eyes, and not uncommonly face, as he answered my question, and the compassion I had felt for Tom embraced him also.

"What do you do all day?" I next inquired.

"Oh, a good many things." He spoke frankly and without hesitation. "I go errands if anybody wants me—carry home baskets from market, if they aren't too heavy—and sell matches, sometimes."

"I hope you don't do anything bad, Mike," I said. "Don't swear, or take what doesn't belong to you."

His brown face crimsoned, and I saw a flash in his eyes.

"I wouldn't be a thief if I died!" he answered, with a throb of indignation in his voice. How straight he drew himself up! What an air of honest manliness there was about him! I felt drawn towards the boy with increasing interest.

"I'm right glad to hear you say so. It is not only wicked to steal, but so very mean to take for yourself what belongs to another."

Now, what was I to do with these little boys?—the elder not ten years old, the younger scarcely seven! Give them a good meal, and send them into the street again? My heart and my conscience both said "No!" In God's providence they had been sent to me—I felt sure of that. They were God's children; precious souls born for His kingdom; and I had prayed so many times—"Lord, show Thy servant the way in which Thou would'st have her walk. Make her a minister of good—a helper to others—one of those who turn many to righteousness." And here was an opportunity.

You would not have known the two bright-faced, beautiful boys, cleanly washed, and dressed in some of my children's cast-off cloth-

ing, who half an hour afterwards sat on the floor, one reading a toy book and the other playing with my baby, for the dirty outcasts I had found in the market-house.

"Who have you here?" asked my husband, when he came home at dinner-time. He thought them some of our neighbor's children.

"Two fine little fellows; are they not?" I said, smiling, yet with some misgivings at heart, for I did not know what view he would take of the case. I held out my hand to Tom; "Blind Nelly's boy," as Mike had called him, and said, "Come!"

He lifted his large eyes to my husband's face, and searched it with keen scrutiny, yet with a degree of doubt and timidity. He had already learned to read countenances. Coming forward, he laid his hand in mine, still keeping his eyes on my husband.

"This is Thomas Royal," said I, introducing him.

"How are you, my little friend?" My husband, as he spoke, laid his hand kindly on the child's head.

Tom did not answer.

"Tell this gentleman where you slept last night."

I knew my husband's tenderness of heart, and I counted on the child's answer, not only to surprise him, but to touch his feelings.

"I slept in a barrel."

"In a barrel! What do you mean?" My husband turned on me his questioning eyes.

"Where was the barrel?" I asked.

"In Mr. Warner's board-yard."

"You had straw in the barrel?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And wasn't cold?"

"It got cold before morning."

"Where did you sleep night before last?"

"I went to sleep on a cellar-door, and they took me to the Station House."

"And where the night before that?"

"Mike let me sleep with him, but his aunt said if I came there again she'd beat me."

"Where is your mother?"

"She went blind, and they took her to the poor-house."

This reference to his mother affected the child more than I had looked for. In the market, where Mike spoke of her as being blind and in the alms-house, he had not shown any feeling. Now I saw a choking throb in his throat, and tears in his eyes.

My husband was moved with compassionate surprise, as I had expected.

"What does all this mean?" he asked, in a

subdued voice. We went from the room, and I then told him the story of my meeting with the two children that morning and described their dirty and ragged appearance. Then speaking with all the earnestness I could throw into my voice, said—

"Shall we try to save them for Heaven, or let them go back again among the evil ones who, in all human probability, will drag them down to hell?"

He did not answer me for some moments. His countenance was serious. I could not read in it his thoughts.

At length he said, speaking in a low voice, and almost to himself—

"A human soul is a very precious thing."

"So very precious," I made answer, "that God himself, in order to redeem it from hell, came down to our low and evil state, and in our assumed human nature suffered and died. Oh, yes! A human soul is precious beyond all price."

There was silence between us for some time. Ere it was broken by speech, dinner was announced. Not much conversation passed at the meal. Places had been assigned at the table for the little strangers, and I observed that my husband watched them very narrowly. Nothing in their behavior was offensive; no greediness of manner, though both of them eat with the keen relish of hungry boys, not often used to a plentiful meal.

"What do you say about them?" was my inquiry after dinner, when I was again alone with my husband.

"I don't know what to say," he answered.

"Shall I send them back to the street?"

"No." His response was almost stern, as if he meant to rebuke me for the suggestion.

"Think it over during the afternoon."

"I will."

And he did think it over to some purpose, for when he returned at evening, and we talked about these children again, he said,

"I never saw, in all my life, the way of duty plainer than now. God has led them to us, and I can almost hear Him saying, 'Take these neglected ones, who are dear to Me, and save them from the evil that would devour their souls.' If we disregard the injunction, how can we ask a blessing for ourselves from the Giver of all good? How can we ask Him to deliver us from evil, when we refuse to save His little ones who are helpless and in peril?"

"What shall we do with them?" I asked.

"How has it shaped itself in your mind?"

"At first," he said, "I thought of getting

them into an asylum for orphans. But my mind wasn't satisfied with that. They are bright boys, and if well-trained and educated, will make useful men; perhaps strong and influential men. They should have a better chance than an asylum offers. Then I thought of trying to get them adopted into families. All very well, that; if the right kind of persons would take them. But so many 'ifs' were in the way that I gave up this also, and fell back upon myself. It is my business and yours. Providence so ordered events that they came to our door. He laid upon us the duty of caring for them. After due consideration, I purpose, with your approval, to send them into the country to school for one year. I know just the place, and the man. They will be kindly and wisely treated—the good in them encouraged and the evil restrained. At the end of a year, we can continue or change this disposition of the children as then seems to us best."

"But how much is it going to cost?" I asked, for we were not in what is called easy circumstances.

"Three hundred dollars," he replied.

"We can't afford it," I promptly said.

"But God can. They are His children and He will send the means for their support if we accept the guardianship."

I bowed my head and was silent. I was rebuked by my husband, though he had not intended to rebuke me.

"Already the means are on the way," he added. "This afternoon I received advices of the collection of a debt of three hundred dollars which, a year ago, was carried to profit and loss account. I shall set it aside for these children."

My eyes flooded with tears. I could not restrain them.

We kept the children for a week, growing more and more interested in them every day, and then my husband took them to the country and placed them at school. Little Tom had improved wonderfully during this short period of time. The hungry look had gone out of his eyes, and the wan, sickly aspect of his countenance had given place to a healthy glow. Mike was even manlier in his bearing than when I saw him in the market-house. He had continued to hold towards Tom the air of an elder brother, and Tom regarded him as one from whom he had a natural right to claim protection. When they went from under my roof, my heart yearned after them with a tenderness like that of a mother for her own children.

CHAPTER II.

After good deeds comes self-approval, and this state of things is pleasant. Whenever I thought of the two children, removed from want, exposure and temptation into a safe place, from which the evil that stood waiting to devour them was shut out, I was filled with satisfaction. This had all been well if I had not fallen into the error of thinking myself a little better than my neighbors, because of what I had done. Almost unconsciously, contrasts between myself and others were made.

"There is Mrs. Bland," said I, putting thought into language, "who considers herself a great deal better than I am. I'm very certain that she would have passed these children without a motion of pity in her heart. And as for Mr. Bland! I'd like to see him give ten dollars for the education of a poor child!"

The pleasantness of self-approval, thus became mingled with a bitter element. Sweet satisfaction lost its bloom. I gave up half my reward, because I thought more about my own goodness in caring for Mike and Tom, than I did of their well being.

At first, I was careful not to speak of what we had done. Moved by no selfish ends; but yielding to compassion and a sense of duty, we had accepted the guardianship of these poor little boys. Our motives, as far as we could know them, were pure. We had no end but to save the children God had put in our way. And the states of mind that came immediately afterwards were states of inward delight that cannot be expressed. But, self-love is deeply inwrought and very subtle. It is always intruding upon us, and always seeking to rob us of the reward of our best deeds.

I called upon a lady friend about this time. We had not been very intimate, because I did not like her. My reason for visiting her now was not as clearly apparent to myself as it should have been. The truth was, I wished her to know what my husband and I had been doing. Not that I purposed telling her all about it; but she might have heard, and would introduce the subject; or in some way the facts might come out in conversation.

The lady's name was Robinson. We were members of the same church. "So," she said, in a light, bantering voice, that had in it a sting of ill-will, "you have been adopting, I hear, a couple of young Arabs. What in the world do you intend doing with them?"

There was scarcely any way in which she might have referred to the subject that could have done more violence to my feelings. Be-

fore I had time to answer, she went on, assuming a serious air—

"Do you know anything about the blood of these children? Who and what were their parents? Vicious, and of a low grade of intellect, no doubt. You are a very indiscreet, or a very courageous and hopeful woman. But, if you don't repent of your romantic charity before ten years have flown, I'm no prophet. The tooth of ingratitude bites very sharply, you know."

"If we act from right motives," I returned, "occasion for repentance never comes. And as for ingratitude, what would be your condition or mine, if God dealt with us according to the measure of our grateful feelings?"

Just this reply was not anticipated by Mrs. Robinson. I saw the color deepen on her face. She was baffled; but only for a moment. Rallying, and speaking with even less of lady-like consideration for my feelings than at first, she said—

"They are low Irish, of course. Have you thought about their influence on your children? No amount of washing can make a pig a clean animal."

"There is nothing of the pig about them," I replied, with a warmth of manner that was irrepressible. "Two handsomer or more refined looking children are not often seen."

"Oh, I understand it now! Their beauty made their good fortune. I thought you a woman of better taste than to adopt one of the little monsters that swarm the courts and alleys of our city, with faces more beastly than human. Handsome and refined! Ah, now we have some daylight on this little affair."

I was too much annoyed to make any reply, but endeavored to repress all signs of annoyance.

"Do you know anything of their parentage?" asked Mrs. Robinson, with a meaning in her voice that I very well understood. "Handsome and refined! Ah, I see! Waifs from some better social sphere. You have more information about them, perhaps, than you care to repeat!"

Mental as well as physical resistance has its limit of endurance. The pressure on my self-control was too great. I know that my eyes must have flashed, by the way Mrs. Robinson started, as I turned sharply upon her, with the interrogation—

"What do you mean by such a remark, madam? Speak out plainly!"

"Oh, nothing at all, I assure you!" was her quick reply. She was very apologetic, and tried

to make it appear that she meant only a little banter. Praised my kindness of heart, and wished other people would imitate my Christian example.

I went home, carrying my reward with me. It was for a little self-gratification that I had called on this woman, for whom I had no respect, and self-seeking had brought its usual return of pain and disquietude. Ah! I had forgotten that the poorest and least satisfactory compensation for good deeds, lies in the praise of men; that virtue is its own reward. But, the lesson was needed, and I took it to heart.

CHAPTER III.

"A letter from Mr. Bowman," said my husband. "It was late in the fall. Mr. Bowman kept the school to which we had sent Mike and Tom."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" My husband's manner was, I thought, troubled.

"Tom is sick," he answered.

"Very sick?"

"Mr. Bowman writes that he has considerable fever, and is not able to sit up."

"Poor little fellow!" I said, my heart going out towards him.

"If we were not so busy, I would run up to Milwood and see just how it was with him," remarked my husband. "But it is out of the question, now. I can't leave home."

"I reflected for a moment or two—thought how it would be if it were my Jenny or Willy who was away from home at school, and too sick to sit up—and then said,

"Perhaps I had better go."

I saw my husband's face brighten.

"Can you leave the children for a couple of days?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. They'll be safe enough with Katy."

"I shall feel better to have you go," said my kind-hearted husband.

I left in the cars at eight o'clock on the next morning, and at eleven, reached Milwood. I found Tom quite ill. He had a high fever, and complained of his head and back. The doctor spoke guardedly about the case, and when I suggested the propriety of removing him to the city, said that it might be prudent to do so.

I did not hesitate long. One thing was certain; I could not remain over a single day at Milwood; and to turn from that sick child, and leave him to the doubtful attentions of a boarding-school nurse, was more than I could get my heart's consent to do. And yet he was not my own child, had no actual claim upon me, no

right to demand the care and devotion that must be given, if I took him to my own home. But I did not hold this view of the case in long debate. My feelings were my directors.

"It will be prudent to keep your children away from him for a day or two, until the disease takes on a decided character," said the doctor, as he took leave of me in the cars.

The warning came too late; and I knew by his manner that it had been purposely withheld until now, in order that no impediment might lie in the way of Tom's removal from the school. I had not thought of a contagious disease. A sudden fear came over me; not for myself, but for the dear ones at home. As for Tom, my heart did not turn from him. Poor, sick, boy! As I felt his weight heavy against me—he sat by my side leaning on me for support—the tenderest emotions of pity went out towards him. The whistle sounded, and we were soon gliding swiftly away.

The doctor's parting words had filled me with concern. Would it be safe—would it be right to take the boy home? If not, what then? For a long time my thought dwelt on the "What then?" Where should I take the sick and helpless child, if not into my own house? After beating about vainly for a solution of the difficult question, this query enabled me to reach a decision—"What if it were Jenny or Willy, instead of poor, motherless Tom, who was sitting by your side?" I held the subject in debate not an instant longer. "He is one of God's children, precious to Him as those who are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; one of God's children, whose care I have accepted, and I will do my duty by him as I would by one of my own." So I said to myself, resolutely, lifting my heart upward, and silently praying; "Lord, give me courage to do the right, and a living faith in Thy mercy and protection!"

I had no further mental conflict. I was strong and calm. On arriving at home, I acted on the doctor's caution, and had Tom placed in a room as remote as possible from the one occupied by my children, and did not permit any of them to visit him. He was very sick. On the day after my return home the doctor pronounced the disease scarlet fever. I was already prepared for this. A nurse was suggested by my husband, so that I would not have to go to the boy's sick chamber, and in order that all communication between him and the family might be cut off. I looked him steadily in the eyes, and asked—

"If it were Jenny or Willy, would you advise this?"

He answered, in a faint voice,

"No."

"Let us," I said, speaking with firmness, accept the situation just as it is, and do our duty by this child as if he were our own. We are in the hands of God, the Ruler of events, and He will make it all right."

My husband bowed his head as one who accepts a clearly seen but perilous alternative.

"He will make it all right." Doubtless! Nay, surely He doeth it! Poor, weak hearts! Poor, blind eyes! We faint by the way; we grope in the dark. But it all comes out right. He leadeth us by paths that we know not—often by rough, or thorny, or miry ways; feet aching and sore! There comes a day when, emerging from the wilderness, our paths ascend, and from mountain heights we look down and backward. In that day, we thank God for the rough as for the smooth places; for the pain as for the pleasure; for the sorrow and for the joy. They were all best for us. Only the discipline that was needed came.

The night fell very dark upon our household. Tom had a hard struggle for life. For days, after the crisis of his disease was upon him, the life forces hung so evenly balanced with death, that hope failed. But, He with whom are the issues of life had work for him in this world, and so raised him up. For my own son—my Willy, my idol, my sweet, loving, beautiful boy, He had another destiny. It was not for him to grow up in an earthly home. He was very tender and yielding; easily moulded by surrounding influences; neither strong-willed nor self-asserting. How his manhood would have developed here, I know not. But, this I know, he has grown into the stature of an angel in Heaven.

The night fell very dark on our household when, a week after Tom was out of danger, Willy was taken sick of the same disease that had come so near drying up the fountains of his life. I shall not here dwell on the agony that followed. In less than ten days his dear eyes closed on earthly scenes, and we laid his body, embalmed in flowers—sweet roses, white and red, and odor-breathing mignonette—tenderly away in its mortal resting place. It was not our boy. Oh, no! Only the fair casket that had enshrined his precious soul that we committed to the ground. He had gone to the blessed land.

CHAPTER IV.

I had a visit of condolence from Mrs. Robinson, about a week after Willy died. Little

Tom, not yet well enough to be returned to school, looked in at the door while we sat talking.

"What child is that?" asked my visitor. Then, before I could answer, she said—

"Not the one who brought that frightful disease into your house?"

I merely nodded an assent.

"I don't know how you can bear the sight of him!" Mrs. Robinson spoke with an angry thrill in her voice.

"It was no fault of his," I returned, with a strong repression of feeling. Her words opened an unguarded door for an evil spirit to enter.

I felt an instant repugnance, almost verging on to hate, for the child, who still stood in the door, with his large and loving eyes fixed tenderly upon me. I saw a shade drop down over his face; his lips fell apart; there was a look of fear in his eyes. He had seen a change in my countenance. Startled at my own state of mind, and comprehending the cause, with a strong and sudden effort I thrust out the evil spirit, and shut the door.

"How did I do this?" you ask. Not by a simple effort of the will alone, for that would have been fruitless. I made the will potent by act. Rising quickly, I walked to where Tom stood, and kissing him tenderly, said, in the most loving voice I could assume—"Go up to the nursery, dear."

My reward was instant. I had it from his eyes. In a great flood the impeded waters swept over my heart again. Love was triumphant. I had thrust out the evil spirit, and barred the door.

"He knows what is best," I simply remarked, glancing upward, as I came back, and resumed my seat opposite to Mrs. Robinson; "and with Him are the issues of life."

"It is all well enough to be resigned to God's will," said my visitor, "and to accept, with patience, the inevitable. But, if we expose ourselves or our children, needlessly, to danger, we wrong God by referring disaster to Him." I held, that it was not your duty to take that sick boy into your house, thus periling the lives of others. He was nothing to you."

"He was something to God," I answered, in a repressed voice.

The lady tossed her head with an air that said, "Can't!"

Not appearing to notice the disdain, I added, "His words are very strong—'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.'"

"Nobody asks you to despise them. That is one thing; and picking up vicious children from the street, and putting them on an equality with your own children, is another thing. We

are not called on to make alms-houses and fever hospitals of our homes. I read my Bible as well as you, but don't find any such teaching in its pages."

"Nothing of what you have alleged has been done by me. So your remarks do not touch my case," was my firm reply. "Duty was my teacher. Conscience approves. I have no regrets."

"You and I are formed of very different stuff," said my visitor, rising. "But," she added, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

Mrs. Robinson's visit of condolence was not particularly soothing. She brought no balm to my wounded heart. And yet, I felt stronger for the interview, and my sight was clearer.

I found Tom lingering for me at the nursery door. There was a shade of doubt in his young face, and hungry asking for love in his beautiful eyes; a new expression in his whole manner. There had fallen upon him an intuition of danger. How my heart leaped towards him! It grew larger. I caught him to my breast, and kissed him over and over again with an impulse that would not be hindered.

CHAPTER V.

How soon the shadows lifted! Not vain tears are those that become crystallized into precious stones.

"It is well with them both." So plain was this becoming to me, that I often found myself repeating the sentence. The difference of temperament and mental organization between the two children, my angel Willy and Tom, was very marked. Tom had a more active vitality, and, to all appearance, a tougher mental fibre. He was better fitted for the world's work—had the promise of a stronger and more effective manhood.

Mrs. Robinson's rude, I might almost say wicked, attempt to thrust Tom out of my regard, and so out of my home, was the means of opening to me a clearer faith in the Divine Providence. I was led to see that the removal of a human soul from this world to the next was not left to accidental causes—that with God alone are the issues of life. I saw that, in my Willy's death, a great deal more was involved than merely bringing a child, sick of scarlet fever, into my house, when it was clearly my duty to do so. In the Divine wisdom, it was better for the child and his parents, and better for the angels who were to receive and minister to him in Heaven, that he should be transplanted there; and I felt sure that he

would have gone at this very time, even if I had never seen or cared for the orphan boy. Such was and is my faith.

But, in taking my boy, He did not leave me comfortless. The waters of love were not to be stayed a moment, or lost. I had accepted the offered guardianship; I had taken the child, led of His loving kindness to my door, and my heart still had joy in giving.

It was not long before my will found itself in harmony with Providence. If any election of mine could have restored the broken household link, it would not have been made. My darling was safe. No trials, no pains, no fiery temptations for him—no doubt, no danger. The everlasting arms had enfolded him in a sure embrace.

Tom did not go back to school. When perfectly recovered, and the question of returning him to Milwood came up, our decision was adverse. We could not part with him. A window that let in the sunshine upon our home had been closed forever. How very dark it was for a little while! But now another window was opened, and warm rays were streaming in, comforting our hearts, and giving to every pulse a fullness of delight.

I was puzzled, often, in looking down into my feelings and trying to analyze them. According to all theory, there was a difference in the quality or degree of love that a mother bore for her own child, and that felt by her for the child born of another woman. Nature, it is said, has, in motherhood, its mysterious but unerring instincts; some holding that, thereby, a mother may know her own child though there be no external signs of recognition. I had accepted this idea as self-evident. But now I was at fault. This wail, which had floated to me on the waters of humanity—this child of Blind Nelly, whose wasted life had flickered its last few gleams in the shelter of a poor-house, had crept into my heart, and made for himself a place there as sacred and as abiding as that held by any of my own children. I could find no difference in the quality of my love.

"How is it?" I said, one day, talking with my husband about the fact. "If every nature has something peculiarly its own; if the life from my life has in it a certain image of myself—an innate similitude, attracting as like attracts like—must there not be, in the very necessity of things, a love for my own deeper than for any other?"

"Perhaps," he answered, speaking thoughtfully, "we may get to the right solution of the problem, if we look away from ourselves. All

are God's children, we say. He is the Maker and the Father of every living soul. Now, if this be true, and we know that it is, whence comes the mother's love for her children—a love so deep and peculiar that, at times, it holds in abeyance all other loves? Is it not God's love, so transfused into her being, as, for a time, to become as her own, in order that her whole life may be given to the care and nurture of a tender young immortal just born into the world?"

I drew a long breath, then pondered what my husband had said. At first there was a state of opposition; for to admit all that was involved in his suggestion, was to give up or ignore more of myself than I was yet prepared for.

"He hath made us, and not we ourselves." My husband seemed to know my thoughts, and so answered them.

"He breathed into us the breath of life," he added, after a pause. "So the life we have is not our own. Spiritual forms are our souls, receptive of life from the Life-giver. Of ourselves we are nothing. Is the mother's love, then, anything but God's love for His children, born into the world through her, in continuance of His creation? I think not. But, too often, it is made a selfish love only. And it is the very nature of selfish love to reject and despise others in comparison with its own. So, we find mothers tender and indulgent towards their own children, yet indifferent to the well-being, and sometimes cruel towards other children. But, in the eyes of God, all souls are alike precious; and those who take upon themselves the care of the offcast, or motherless little ones, and do it from a regard to their well-being, He often fills with the tenderest love a mother ever feels, a love that is its own reward.

Clouds seemed to roll away. A clearer light broke in upon my mind. My bosom swelled as from a new influx of love. No deeper, no purer affection had I ever felt for one of my own children than I felt at this moment for the lad whose first life-pulses had come from another heart than mine. Love knew no difference henceforward. He was to me as if born from my own life.

Mike was continued at school; but, taken to our home at vacations. At the end of the first year, the report from his teacher was so satisfactory that my husband felt it to be his duty to enter him for twelve months longer. It was easier for us to meet the expense of the second year than it was that of the first. So Mike, who had grown into a well-favored youth, of

orderly habits and good manners, was continued for another year. At the end of that period, a gentleman, who had taken quite a fancy to the boy, proposed to receive him into his office, with a view to educating him for a civil engineer, his own profession. The opportunity seemed a good one, and as Mike favored the arrangement, it was made, and the guardianship passed from us to another; but not the mutual interest—or rather affection—which had grown in our hearts. That remained.

CHAPTER VI.

Sitting to day in the shadow of sixty-five years, memory is busier than usual. The shadow of sixty-five years! How dark to some! It might have been very dark to me; but it is not. I am alone in this pleasant room. The sunshine comes in through damask curtains, and brightens the colors on my soft velvet carpet. There are as choice pictures on my walls, and fine bronzes on my mantels. Books are all around me. Taste and luxury minister to the years that are growing few. I have more than I desire; and yet, in this abundance my heart finds rest and joy; not so much for itself as for the love it represents.

How vividly the far away past comes back to me. I am in the market-house again. I almost start at the words, "Take a large bite, Tom!" and distinct as if a panorama were before me, I see the wan and wasted boy, with hungry eyes, biting eagerly at the apple shared with him so generously, by his companion. How little did I then think, that God was passing before me, for acceptance or rejection, the golden opportunity of my life. Ah, if it had been rejected, these shadows from accumulated years, under which I am sitting to-day, would have been dark and heavy! Few at my age, are so lovingly cared for; few are ministered to with such a delicate and fond consideration. And yet, it is more than ten years, since, broken in fortune and health, my good and honored husband laid down the burden of life. My children, who had inherited from their father the forms of an organic disease, all passed early away. And now, but for the poor homeless lads I found in the marketplace, I would be alone, unloved, and in poverty.

Those homeless lads. What of them to-day? I had written so much, when the door opened, and a man under thirty-five came in, greeting me in a respectful, yet affectionate manner. His clear eyes were full of intelligence, strength,

and courage. His brow, high and broad, gave to his face that dignity and command which usually attend this outward sign of mental force; but his mouth was soft and flexible as a woman's, and had a smile of exceeding sweetness.

My heart leaped towards him with a bound of pleasure, and rising, quickly, I met him, ere he had crossed my room. Kissing me fondly—I say fondly, for no other word will do but that—and grasping my extended hand, he said—

“I have good news to bring, mother!” Mother! Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, he was not; but for many years he had called me mother, and always the word from his lips seemed fitting, and fell with a very pleasant sound upon my ears.

“I have good news to bring, mother!”

“I like to hear good news. What is it, Thomas?”

“You know the appointment about which I wrote you from Washington?”

“Yes.”

“I have secured it.”

“For Michael?”

“Yes, and the commission is in my pocket. He is just the man; one who will bring coolness of judgment, high honor, and unswerving integrity to the office.” How sadly these qualities were lacking in the old incumbent! Now, the public good will be served. There is scarcely a position of trust within my knowledge, where so much harm may be done by a bad man and so much good by a good man. Michael Taylor will be the right man in the right place. I worked hard to secure it for him; but if ten times the effort had been required, it should have been made. He would do nothing for himself, as you may suppose, except simply make the application. “It’s no use, Tom,” he said, when I urged him to see this and that influential man, “I can’t beg a favor, nor trumpet my own worth. If they give it to me, I will serve the public faithfully, to the best of my ability; if they choose another, well.” And so I had all the work to do.”

“And it has been well done,” I replied.

“I never stop at half-way houses, you know, mother, but push on to the journey’s end, and rest there.”

“Have you seen Michael?” I asked.

“Not yet. But I wrote him before I left Washington. He will have to go there for a few days to see the Secretary of State.”

“You will not return?”

“Yes. I must be in Washington next week.

While there, looking after Mike’s interest, I was offered a very important case in the Supreme Court of the United States, where I have been admitted to practice. Over half a million of dollars are involved, and the fee in any event, will be large.”

“Why, Thomas! That is a step upwards. A case in the Supreme Court of the United States!” My cup was full—my reward greater than I could have asked. The poor forsaken little boy, to whom, twenty-five years ago, I had reached out my hand, drawing him into the shelter and protection of my own home, now stood before me a gifted, and self-reliant man, ready to take his place in life-work and life-conflict, with the best and the bravest. He saw the tears in my eyes, and kissing me, said—

“If my success makes you happy, mother, in that is my sweetest reward, for do I not owe it all to you? But here is Mike, the dear fellow!”

I turned, and there was my other adopted son. And now, the cup that was full a moment before, joy quivering to the very brim, ran over. And when they both put their great arms around me, kissing and caressing me as if I were a child, I had a foretaste of that joy which in Heaven is a perpetual delight.

THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.—There are two sorts of “taking thought for the morrow;” the one proper and necessary to success, the other useless and ruinous to one’s happiness. The first kind consists in a thoughtful and serious concern for the wants and contingencies of the future, leading to earnest efforts to make provision for them. The second kind consists in painful misgivings, forebodings, and fears in respect to the wants and contingencies of the future, when it is wholly out of our power to make any provision for them. So long as any practical good will result from painful and serious thought as to how this want shall be met, or that evil averted, a man does well to be anxious as to what he shall do in the future; but when it is beyond one’s power to meet the want, or avert the evil, or secure the good contemplated—when the most serious concern, and active diligence, and untiring earnestness can effect nothing—then anxiety becomes useless, sinful, and ruinous to happiness.

To the contemplative soul, there is no littleness; the least of things is infinite. Its language is ever, “My Father made them all.”

BRAIDING A MAT.

BY LUCY LAROOM.

Grandmother's hair from the afternoon sunshine

Catches a silvery gleam.

Mima, the maid at her feet,

Flushed with the fire's ruddy heat,

Gives back the glow of a dream:

Mima and grandmother, close to each other,

Sit by a different beam.

Hither and thither their fancies are flying,

Braiding together a mat.

— Out of her Past, all in shreds,

Grandmother gathers rich threads.

No need of wonder at that:

Here at the angle, where death left her single,

Beautiful beings have sat.

Pale, faded rainbows, they slip through her fingers.

This was the coat that he wore—

Lover and friend of her youth—

Once into battle, and, sooth,

Wore it again nevermore.

A coffin's black cover the strong limbs closed over

Next time he rode from the door.

Soft as the down of the liver-leaf's lining,

Thrown back when April grows warm,

Was this small blanket, snow-white,

Where, in the widow's dim sight,

Nestled the bud of a form;

Baby whose beauty flashed light on her duty

Lonely to face the world's storm.

Moth-eaten rags, you wore jackets she mended,

Thinking of two sea-bronzed boys;

One upon Ganges' hot shore,

One tossed on bleak Labrador.

Oh, how she mourned for their noise—

Missed their dear laughter that shook floor and

rafter—

Missed their free, boisterous joys.

These were the curtains of balise, thin and tattered,

Parted by one rover's face,

On a clear morning of Spring,

When every bird was a-wing,

Hastening home to his place,

Bringing the glory of Orient story

Into the rude kitchen's space.

Wraiths of old neighbors come flocking around her,

Friends who have loved her, and died;

Every braid that she sews

Into some dim vista goes.

Clew to remembrance and guide,

Bringing the patter of steps time would scatter

Cheery and swift to her side.

Mima braids rainbows of airiest nothing;

Busy, and bright, and demure,

Beautiful thoughts light her cheek;

Under her dropped eyelids speak;

Maiden, rose-fresh, lily-pure,

From her heart's sweetness she makes the com-
pleteness

Of bliss that broods over her sure,

Gossamer-threads link her lightly to being,

Born to a dowry unknown,

Life all around her is spread

One fairy ring for her tread,

One ever blossoming zone.

In you thought dances to sephyr-like fancies,

Heart like a flower half-blown!

Ah! but your dreams must descend to the real.

Fancy, so fine-spun and fleet,

Changing its tints as it flies,

Weaving gay films for your eyes,

Early or late fails to cheat.

Time twists the vision to hardest precision;

Lays it, dull fact, at your feet.

These worn-out shreds fall in luminous mazes

Round her, the grandmother good,

Like the Arabian, who

On his charmed tapestry flew,

Winged by a wish, where he would,

Back to youth's valley, how swift she will rally,

Pressing this mat, quaint and rude.

Wisdom for you, also, rosy-checked Mima,

Is it to save as you go,

Beautiful halos to fling

Over the homeliest thing

Fate in your pathway may throw;

Something to gather for cheer in foul weather

And the gray season of snow.

Nothing is mean that affection has hallowed;

Nothing need die that we love.

Mortals, all good that has been

Back from the dead years may win;

Nay may reach onward, above,

Through the Pearl-Portal, and with hues immortal

Carpet the world where they move.

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THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A NEW YORK STORY.

BY ELLA LATROBLE.

Of all days in the year, New York City is brightest and cheeriest on New Year's day—in the morning. Antiquity, so far as in this young country we can lay any claim to antiquity, has consecrated the holiday. Modern luxury has indeed somewhat changed the festival. The homespun customs of the old Knickerbockers are superseded by fashionable appliances, gas-light instead of sunbeams, full-dress for ladies, bits of pasteboard instead of actual, honest visits, with other innovations which "make the judicious grieve." Still there is left with true New Yorkers a flavor of the ancient Nicholas, and it is better to tolerate a modernized festival, than that the good old custom should be reformed away altogether.

The younger ladies "dote on the day," and we shrewdly suspect, are pleased, rather than otherwise, at the changes which their grand-mamas and maiden aunts of a certain age lament. It is field day for the sex, and their field, the "field of the cloth of"—Brussels, is in-doors. What a glorious opportunity for graceful toilets! What a magnificent chance the coffee-urn gives to bring into play a beautifully rounded arm. There is nothing like it. Never does woman appear to better advantage than when charming you as an hostess; and never can she act the hostess so delightfully as on New Year's day. You may tire of a morning caller at ordinary times. Men may tease, or be vexatious, or play the lover, or be jealous, and scowl at each other; but never on New Year's. No man may presume to wait long enough to become tiresome; or if any inapt creature should, you can politely turn away from him to the next comer. For when all goes right, there is a continuous stream of guests. You are not required to exhaust yourself by varying the pretty arts and graces; for you can repeat the same reception upon every arrival, or vary the form only at your own pleasure. And you see so many people! and as you must have some female friend to help you do the honors, the short pauses which may happen between arrivals and departures, are so cosy! You can dissect the creatures so wittily. Of all delightful things, New York ladies concede that New Year's calls are the nicest!

The gentlemen are no less pleased. New Year's is the epoch of liberty, equality, fraternity. Old acquaintances can be recognized, and old memories kept up by these convenient twelve-months distant reminders. Mrs. Caudle is powerless on New Year's night, though Mr. Caudle may have presumed to call on that "odious Mrs. Jones." Mr. Caudle's bachelor friends may venture to call on that injured lady, his wife, sure that the shield of St. Nicholas is more than a guard against the face of Medusa. It is a day of general social amnesty. Though parties living in armed neutrality may freeze again into social ice on January the second, they still have been warmed into the semblance, at least, of cordiality on January the first. It is worth while to thaw annually, though only for one day, and that, by an anachronism, in midwinter. Old friends, who by the force of circumstances are kept apart, meet at New Year's, and promise themselves and each other that they *will* be more social. Perhaps they keep their word. But if they do not, all is right when New Year's comes round again. So, three cheers for for old Santa Claus! May his shadow never be less!

Bills payable and bills receivable are postponed. The stock-market is ignored and the gold quotations are forgotten. Prices current and all other currants, except those in the New Year's cakes, are neglected. The newsboys subside at an early hour, for the public would no more buy an "extra" than a summer jacket. Even the boot-black brigade goes, for one day, into winter quarters. Nobody thinks of business but the car-drivers and the hackmen; for this is one of their special occasions. The press-gang are released by special dispensation; and even the "local reporters" let imagination supply their facts, while they give themselves to the humor of the hour. Every *he* is abroad, with the resolution to be happy; every *she* is at home, with a like determination. The streets are full of merry crowds. Even the beggars and the very poor manage to look their best, except those whose stock in trade is their unhappy appearance. And they cannot quite escape the contagion of a New York New Year's day.

Everybody is cheerful—everybody? No, joyed difference; not quite a quarrel, decidedly a separation.

He had never seen the children before—or if he had, they were to him like Wordsworth's primroses—little buds of humanity, of which we may see plenty—"and they were nothing more." Now he had them fairly magnetized, and he exhibited on them the cordiality which for his life he dared not to show to their mother. And they returned it with all their little hearts.

A sufferer by such thoughts was Mrs. Mabie. Hers was the bitter sorrow, the wasting heart-sickness of hope deferred. She could not, she did not count herself a widow; for she had no certain tidings of the death of her husband; no tidings, indeed, whatever, except that his name was included in that sad list—"MISSING," which so often made hearts ache in the late sad years of war.

Her children, two beautiful girls of eight and ten years of age—how could she refuse to them the holiday which all New York children keep? They looked with childish confidence to the day when "father would come home." And that very morning, little Louey said—"What if papa should come this very day? Wouldn't that be a New Year's call?" How could the mother say, "he will never come!" How, indeed, when her heart would not suffer her quite to cease to hope? She hid the tear which the children's prattle called up, and dismissed them to the window. Children may look out at the window on New Year's day. Ladies are presumed to be hidden, except to those who seek them. But I suspect that *they*, too, do sometimes peep through the folds of the window curtains. For the streets of New York, on this high holiday, present a panorama which any one might be pleased to see.

A gentleman was announced, Mr. Winslow. Mrs. Mabie started at the name, and turned for a moment deadly pale. He entered; the children looked shy, as at one they had not seen before. The mother now looked flushed and conscious, as though she had seen him often—but under far other circumstances than the present. She did not repel him. She was not cordial; she was evidently anything but at ease.

And yet, as we asked just now, why not? Some men, and some women, too, are magnanimous after the rupture of their engagements. Perhaps men love less, and therefore feel less. They can usually treat an old flame courteously. There is sometimes a touch of tacit satire in the demeanor of old lovers, as if they would say, "You see we *can* live without you, after all, and live pretty pleasantly, too!"

But there was nothing of this in the gentleman's deportment. Nobody could be more polite, considerate, irreproachable. He was gone. Nothing but common-places had been said. There are interviews, in which the parties speak rather with their thoughts than with their words, and understand each other quite as well. This interview was such an one. He thought, "Poor girl! If she were only my wife now, as she should have been, and those *my* children!" And she knew what he thought, as well as if he had spoken.

And she—it took her some time to parry the children's questions. They evidently had forgotten their father, for the moment, in the delightful visitor. Could she ever forget him? Indignantly she declared to herself, "No!" But was he dead or living? And what would he feel if he could know, how that man called, and what he said in his thoughts, as well as she knew? And yet the man had neither said, nor looked, nor acted anything to which the most fastidious or faithful could except or object. But he had sent her imagination into a

strange train, and called up a past which she had deemed long dead, to link it with a possible future, which she still declared never should be! Our thoughts are tyrants, and force unwilling attention. They lead you on a chase, whither away, to the long past—into the far future.

Mrs. Mabie went back to the days long before her married life, when her husband and the guest just departed had been among her New Year's visitors. She was forced to review—for our thoughts, as I just now said, are tyrants—she was forced to review her earlier attachment. But she hurried away from that memory to the thought of him who, if living, claimed that she "should keep only unto him;" and, if dead, she could never forget—never cease to love. She thought of the New Year's when he was the first to call in the morning; and, as love laughs at etiquette no less than at locksmiths, when he had the assurance to look in again in the evening. And she thought of the first New Year's after her wedding, when it seemed so strange that he was not among the guests. She remembered how he stayed away for twelve mortal hours, and how she caught herself being the least bit jealous, and then laughed at her own folly. She reviewed the lives of her two children. She remembered that on New Year's, after the birth of the eldest, she was "at home." She remembered how she wondered, even down to the very morning, if "it would do;" and how she felt flushed and proud when the guests inquired for her "family;" and how her sister was invited from the country to help her do the honors, and to represent her in the parlor when the tyrannical new comer insisted upon her sole attention, whether it were New Year's or not. And she remembered how her husband, on that day, managed to come home three or four times to see that all was well—to look at his child—to admire his wife, and be certain that she was not unduly fatiguing herself.

And now, all that she knew of him was comprised in that one sad, vague word, "Missing." Whether he had been a prisoner, and died among strangers; or whether, wounded, he had crept to some shelter, and died there alone with God; whether he were yet a wanderer, and might one day return, welcome, however wrecked and shattered, she could not tell. She feared too much to hope, yet struggled against despair.

It was a sadly dull New Year's. The few intimate friends who would call under circumstances so doubtful, had paid their duty, and

the poor children were depressed, rather than pleased, with their holiday. Even they were forced to perceive that the New Year was opening upon them in gloom, and they found in sleep the ready refuge of weariness and languor.

The mother wandered away from them. Her path seemed through a devious wild, and she was bewildered in all manner of troubles and perplexities. She lost sight of her children. She lost her own identity, and it seemed to her that she was no longer herself, but another. She stood in the "dim religious light" of a church, and heard the burial service. Sooner than the obsequies of the Danish king, changed to marriage measures; it seemed to her that by an awful fate she—while she herself looked on—she herself, and yet not herself but another, was led forward to plight anew her faith! She sprang forward to forbid the union, and—stumbled against Mr. Winslow!

Thoroughly wakened—for she had fallen into troubled dreams on that sad day—thoroughly awakened, she was as completely confused. Mr. Winslow saw her perplexity, and could not of course understand it. He, too, was embarrassed—but not, it would seem, unhappily. He stammered, rather than said—

"I certainly should not have come here a second time to-day, without—without an escort. I am—that is, I—"

But the children, wakened too, had passed out into the hall, and there came thence a glad cry of "Father! father! It is father!"

And, in a moment more, Mrs. Mabie was clasped in her husband's arms.

Winslow had met his old acquaintance, Mabie, looking for his own house. In New York, none can go away and count to find his household gods in the same place on his return, if he stays over May-day—the day of perpetual motion. Mabie had been absent two May-days; and his wife, at each remove, had found a humbler home than the last. She was looking forward to something more lowly still, when her husband found her.

Winslow said on meeting him—"There is only one person in New York more glad to see you than I." He told the truth. He is a magnanimous fellow, and would much rather restore a lost husband to his wife than furnish the plot for another poem as sweet, yet sad, as Enoch Arden.

"Upon my word," he thought, as he looked on for a moment, "I am just as well pleased as if she were my wife, and those were my children." And so he was.

Thus happily ended the New Year's day that next was much more like a holiday, for the opened so darkly. And little Loney has claimed news spread apace, and all who knew the credit as a prophet ever since. She "knew that household, called to wish them all what they father would come home that very day." The had found already, "A Happy New Year!"

THE TELESCOPE.

We might be apt to think, on a slight view of the matter, that there can be no immediate relation between the grinding and polishing of an optic glass, and fitting two or more of them in a tube, and the enlargement of our views of the Maker and Governor of the universe. Yet the connection between these two objects, and the dependence of the latter upon the former, can be fairly demonstrated.

The son of a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, in Holland, happening to amuse himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weathercock of the church-spire opposite to him much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down.

This new wonder exercised the amazement of the father; he adjusted two glasses on a board, rendering them movable at pleasure; and thus formed the first rude imitation of a perspective glass, by which distant objects are brought near to view.

Galileo, a philosopher of Tuscany, hearing of the invention, set his mind to work, in order to bring it to perfection. He fixed his glasses at the end of long organ-pipes, and constructed a telescope, which he soon directed to different parts of the surrounding heavens. He discovered four moons revolving around the planet Jupiter—spots on the surface of the sun, and the rotation of that globe around its axis—mountains and valleys in the moon—and numbers of fixed stars, where scarcely one was visible to the naked eye.

These discoveries were made about the year 1610, a short time after the first invention of the telescope. Since that period, this instrument has passed through various degrees of improvement, and, by means of it, celestial wonders have been explored in the distant spaces of the universe, which, in former times, were altogether concealed from mortal view. By the help of telescopes, combined with the art of measuring the distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, our views of the grandeur of the Almighty, of the plenitude of His

power, and of the extent of His universal empire, are extended far beyond what could have been conceived in former ages. Our prospects of the range of the Divine operations are no longer confined within the limits of the world we inhabit; we can now plainly perceive, that the kingdom of God is not only "an everlasting dominion," but that it extends through the unlimited regions of space, comprehending within its vast circumference thousands of suns, and ten thousands of worlds; all ranged in majestic order, at immense distances from one another, and all supported and governed by Him who created them, "who rides on the heaven of heavens," whose greatness is unsearchable, and whose understanding is infinite.

The telescope has also demonstrated to us the literal truth of those Scriptural declarations which assert that the stars are "innumerable." Before the invention of this instrument, not more than about a thousand stars could be perceived by the unassisted eye in the clearest night. But this invention has unfolded to view not only thousands, but hundreds of thousands and millions of those bright luminaries, which lie dispersed in every direction throughout the boundless dimensions of space. And the higher the magnifying powers of the telescope are, the more numerous those celestial orbs appear, leaving us no room to doubt that countless myriads more lie hid in the distant regions of creation, far beyond the reach of the finest glasses that can be constructed by human skill, and which are known only to Him "who counts the number of the stars, and calls them all by their names."

In short, the telescope may be considered as serving the purpose of a vehicle for conveying us to the distant regions of space. We would consider it as a wonderful achievement, could we transport ourselves two hundred thousand miles from the earth, in the direction of the moon, in order to take a nearer view of that celestial orb.

But this instrument enables us to take a much nearer inspection of that planet, than if we had actually surmounted the force of gravi-

tation, traversed the voids of space, and left the earth two hundred and thirty thousand miles behind us. For, supposing such a journey to be accomplished, we should still be ten thousand miles distant from the moon. But a telescope which magnifies objects two hundred and forty times, can carry our views within one thousand miles of it; and a telescope, such as Dr. Herschel's forty feet reflector, which magnifies six thousand times, would enable us to view the mountains and vales of the moon, as if we were transported to a point about forty miles from her surface. We can view the magnificent system of the planet Saturn by means of this instrument, as distinctly as if we had performed a journey of eight hundred millions of miles in the direction of that globe, which, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, would require a period of more than eighteen hundred years to accomplish. By the telescope, we can contemplate the region of the fixed stars, their arrangement into systems, and their immense numbers, with the same distinctness and amplitude of view, as if we had actually taken a flight of ten hundred thousand millions of miles into those unexplored regions, which could not be accomplished in several millions of years, though our motion were as rapid as a ball projected from a loaded cannon. We would justly consider it as a noble endowment for enabling us to take an extensive survey of the works of God, if we had the faculty of transporting ourselves to such immense distance from the sphere we now occupy; but, by means of the telescopic tube, we may take nearly the same ample views of the dominions of the Creator, without stirring a foot from the limits of our terrestrial abode.

This instrument may, therefore, be considered as a providential gift, bestowed upon mankind to serve, in the meantime, as a temporary substitute for those powers of rapid flight with which the seraphim are endowed, and for those superior faculties of motion with which man himself may be invested when he has laid aside this material covering and entered that spiritual world, for which he was created, where time and space do not exist, where all his acquisitions in knowledge and science will be more fully developed, and where he will be enabled the better to perceive the infinite greatness and goodness of that Heavenly Father who created all things, visible and invisible, that He might bestow happiness on all that immense number of beings, which His Divine Love and Wisdom have created; all which knowledge should fill man with humility and submission. C.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

THE CHILDREN.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
What light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it finds the glow
Of a bright and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

LONGFELLOW.

RIGHT HOME INFLUENCES.

Self-control and discipline must be learned at home, or license in after life will surely follow. Let home be the nursery of truth, refinement, of simplicity and of taste. Study to make it attractive to your children by every means in your power, and lose no opportunity for improving their minds and cultivating their home affections. Let system and order, industry and study, taste and refinement, be cultivated at home, and comfort, harmony and peace will reign within your dwelling, however humble. Do your children love music, or drawing, or flowers, encourage their taste to the utmost of your ability. Indeed, where the love of music pervades a family, and is judiciously cultivated, it is an important aid in the training of children; for the child whose soul is touched with melody, easily yields to the voice of affection, and seldom requires severity. More than this, the harsh tones of the father's voice, as it commands, and the cutting tones of the mother as she forbids, become milder and more persuasive, if accustomed to join these recreations, and thus both parent and children are mutually refined and elevated.

CHEERFULNESS.—"Try for a single day," says Jean Paul, "I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy, cheerful state of mind; be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of a clear self-possession; and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that in which you have suffered it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate."

A WOMAN AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Learn to win a lady's faith,
Nobly as the thing is high."

CHAPTER I.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. Kent? Any mistake here will be serious. You asked me if I would be your wife?"

She sat a little way from him, her fair, cool face just tinged with a faint color, her brave, sweet voice, keeping its way steadily along words which would have made almost any woman's falter or fail her.

Experienced "man of the world," as he was, I think at that moment she was more "master of the position" than himself. He looked at her perplexed, almost a little embarrassed, though that last hardly seems possible with Douglass Kent.

"What did the girl mean, taking a fellow up in that way? But he was in for it now," he thought, half provoked at himself. "And then he might have known she would not receive a proposal—she never did anything else like other women!"

His answer went as straight to the point as her question had. There was something about the girl that, when she was bent on it, always compelled brevity, straightforwardness, from others—not one of your soft, moonbeamy, sentimental heroines, I want you to understand at the beginning, but full of a swift life, bright and subtle as fire, soft as dew, too, if one only got down deep enough into her nature to discern that.

"That was precisely what I asked you, Miss Holland—if you would be my wife!"

A little deepening thread of color into cheeks that never held their bloom steadily; but that was one of its many attractions, going and coming softly.

"You do me a great honor, Mr. Kent. I am not unconscious of this; but I cannot wrong you nor myself so much as to accept it."

Another answer unlike any other woman's; but some other meaning lay behind, and, to her own sense at least, justified the words. He could trust Jessie Holland far enough for that, and he wanted the truth now; so, if possible, a little more perplexed than ever, he answered, well-bred gentleman as he was, with just a touch of indignation in his tone—

"As I can in no wise fathom your last remark, Miss Holland, so I can neither deny nor

admit its truth. But you will, at least, give me the credit of being frank with you. Will you be as much so on your part, and explain what this wrong is that you say you will do both yourself and me by becoming my wife?"

"You have been frank at the last," she said, her voice a little softer now; "and so, not sparing you or myself, I will be so in turn. I have no right to this offer of yours. You have not wooed me nobly, and I have not won you fairly, and with good reason to despise ourselves for this summer's work, I think we have good cause also to despise each the other."

He was getting nearer the truth now, and, though it might hurt his self-love a good deal, still he would not be coward enough to flinch in the presence of this woman. There was sufficient manhood in him to rise up and face her on her own height—and it was a height such as he had not expected—he began to discern that now.

"You have said you would not spare me, Miss Holland. Let me know what my share of the wrong has been in this summer's work. I think there is at least grace enough left in me to acknowledge the sin when I am convicted."

"That is the right word, and I am glad you did not use a softer one. We have sinned against God and our own souls—spending this whole summer in a miserable flirtation."

He was going to speak here, but she stopped him with a gesture that was like a queen's, her face in a steady glow of color now.

"You know it was just that, as well as I do, and why should we deny it? We commenced, you on your part, I on mine, with a flirtation. And, in all this time, have I made you a better man, or you me a better woman? Or have we stimulated each the worst and weakest side of the other—the vanity, the self-love, the approbateness? They told me that it would be the greatest conquest of the summer if I could bring you into my toils, and, to my shame I own it, I tried to do it, just to gratify my miserable vanity, to test my own power. I've danced and flirted; I've jested, sung, laughed, brought to bear every little feminine art of dress, smiles, and glances, and you saw it all, and helped me on with it. And now you ask

me to be your wife, when I have no claim on your reverence or love, nor you on mine. Whatever is best and truest in me, you have not sought or found. The very things which you admire and praise in me are my faults and weaknesses, or have their source in these. If you had a true and high ideal of woman, all the brightness, the piquancy, the arts by which I have won you, as I have other men inferior to you, would have gone for nothing. Instead of meeting me on that ground, you would have raised me to higher levels, and made me aspire after whatever was truest, sweetest, noblest in womanhood. The side in me that would have responded to all this, you would have discerned and appealed to; for, deeper than all my follies, vanities, flirtations, it is there, and it is this which compels me now to say and to feel I cannot be your wife."

For a moment, Douglass Kent did not speak, despite all his faults of character and habit, there was something sound at the core of this man's nature—something which Jessie Holland unconsciously recognized, and which she proved by addressing him as she did.

This latent, nobler part of himself, stirred now to face the girl on her own ground—a ground on which certainly he had never met any woman before. He would not be outdone by her either in courage or candor. There was something morally sublime in the way she had made her confession, holding up, in a generous scorn of herself, the weaknesses, which only a very noble nature could have discerned as such, and, what was greater still, had the rare boldness to acknowledge them.

Douglass Kent had admired, been fascinated by Jessie Holland before—something of love and reverence thrilled him now as he gazed on her and answered—

"I take the larger part of the blame to myself, Miss Holland. You condemn me justly. If I had been faithful to myself, faithful to my highest ideal of woman, I should have addressed myself to another side of you. Perhaps it is no excuse for me to say that I did not know it was there, because I had not found this in other women among whom I have been thrown. I do not seek to justify my folly or weakness; let it stand against me. I will not be outdone in courage, though that woman be such a one as you are, Jessie Holland!"

She smiled on him a moment now. She had done that many times before; but he thought, as its light came and went in her face, that it was the sweetest smile he had ever seen, even on her lips; and she would have spoken, but he

went on, in a tone whose grave earnestness left no doubt that genuine feeling underlay it now.

"I have made a fool of myself. I thank you for telling me so. This silly flirtation has been unworthy of both of us. As I said, I will not be outdone by a woman in generous confession. I knew you were the reigning belle here, and I took you merely for a type of your class; so I followed in your train, and dandled at your side, and talked foolish nothings, as I have done with many a woman before—to my shame and hers. I supposed that this would end as the other flirtations have—that both would go our way, and the heart of neither would be harmed; but I have proved to you that I made a grand mistake, by asking you what I never asked a woman before."

"And I have acknowledged that, by answering you as I never answered a man before!" Some softness in her voice and face that Jessie Holland did not suspect, was there.

The look might have helped his next speech, but I think it would have been made, for all that.

"And now, Jessie, we have laid bare our faults to each other. Let the past go, with its mistakes, its faults, its sins. I see you now—I hope you do me—in a truer and finer light. Let us help each other to be better man and woman. Whatever I may have done, my heart says to you now, out of a new love and homage, 'Will you be my wife, Jessie?'"

There was a little unsteadiness of the flushed lip; then it curled into a deadly resolution.

"No; as I said before, Douglass Kent, I have no right to you. I will not be wooed so meanly.

If your own instinct had found out what was best and truest in me, under all my miserable arts and disguises, then—" her voice and face quivered a moment, and steadied themselves, "then I would have thanked the Lord who sent you to me every day of my life, to help me to become a better and nobler woman, as I would you to be a man—then, and then only, Douglass Kent, would I be your wife!"

I think hardly any man could have helped smiling, whatever graver feelings lay beneath. There was a momentary flash and twinkle in the man's eyes, but it passed the next moment.

"Well, Jessie, I believe that the Lord has sent you to me, to make of me a better man, to disgust me with my old life, to awaken some of the fair ideals and nobler impulses of my boyhood. There is some salt left in me, and— and—" Words with man or woman never failed Douglass Kent, but he did break down here—"I love you with all my heart."

The words thrilled and shook Jessie Holland as no human words ever had. The girl must have been afraid of herself, for there was a quick spasm in her face, and when it passed, all her color had gone with it.

"No," she said, in a rapid, agitated way, that was quite unlike her, "do not ask me. Have I not said already, that I would never marry a man who had been won as I have won you? You must accept—you for yourself, I for mine—the result of our own weakness and folly. If I knew you were the only man whom I could ever love, I would still be loyal to my highest self—still believe that we had laid no foundations for the marriage that alone can satisfy me in such a flirtation as ours has been. Do not try to move me."

Three times she had refused him to his face. He was a proud man, and, for a moment, he was sorely tempted to get up, take his hat, and walk out of the house, and never see her again.

But then, as he looked at her, some strong, passionate denial to all that, rose up and shook his soul, and mastered his pride. Was not this the one woman in all the world which his heart had been long seeking? which his best, highest nature had craved, half unconsciously? and having found the prize at last, could he let it slip thus?"

During the last hour, too, the subtle fascination which had held him all the summer by Jessie Holland's side had deepened into a love and reverence which he had never felt for living woman, a revelation of mingled sweetness and bitterness making a great tumult in a nature used to controlling itself and others.

So Douglass Kent spoke again, this time with a passionate earnestness in his voice which left no doubt of all that underlay it.

"But, Jessie, it is not too late for us to undo the wrong we have done. Of all acts is not 'repentance,' for man or woman, the most divine? We have both had grace enough to see and acknowledge our fault, but our whole future need not pay the penalty of one mistake. I love you as I never can again love woman. I want you to realize to me that sweet and noble ideal of your sex, that, blurred though it has become in my intercourse with them, has never lost wholly its original grace and beauty. I want the stimulation of your mind and heart in my life, to make me something at least better and nobler than I am now, and which I feel that I might become. And I want you, too, as we always do that which we best love, to care for it, watch over it, cherish it, have it our own always to guard and bless. If I have not

been a true lover, I will not be less, but more, a faithful and true husband. Come to me, Jessie!"

She would have been less than woman if the eloquent fervor of words like these had not moved her; but her nature was finer and deeper than one woman's in ten thousand. She knew the aching hunger—the silent, but eternal craving which such a woman would be likely to know—for a love like this, and she knew, too, how few men could ever give it to her.

For a moment she wavered. Then her will roused itself mightily.

What life, and warmth, and joy she put away from herself in that hour, only God and the soul of Jessie Holland knew! I do not justify her course; I only tell you what she did—this woman—one of ten thousand.

She rose up, sitting in her chair by the window, a little way from the man, who, for the last time was pressing his suit, she heard the soft splash of the winds in the leaves outside, and the singing of a crimson-throated robin in a clump of altheas by the window, and the sweet sounds fell upon her heart like the knell of her life to come.

"Douglass Kent," said Jessie Holland, with that dead look of resolution in her face, out of which no living man had power to move it, "Douglass Kent," the dreadful words going steadily along the soft, clear voice, "I will pay the penalty of my summer's work. If the choice lay this moment betwixt losing my life and becoming your wife, I would go out into the sunshine there, and lay my head down on the block. So, you have my answer."

Of, course there was no more to be said. Douglass Kent felt that he had good reason to be angry. If he had done wrong, he had acknowledged his fault, and made the highest reparation a man could.

He was not disposed—it could hardly be expected of him—to do Jessie Holland justice, or to admit that the grounds of her rejection were anything but palpable absurdities to common sense, and he could not, or would not see the high, generous, transparent nature which shone through all she had said.

He took up his hat, bowed without speaking another word, and went out into the sunshine, leaving her standing there; and still the winds plashed, like summer rain-drops, in the altheas, and the red-throated robin sang between them.

But underneath all his anger, the pain lay sharp and strong, and Douglass Kent knew that he had left standing there, with her pale cheeks and fiery eyes, the deepest joy and the sharpest bitterness of his life.

Jessie Holland sat down on the lounge—the strong courage which had possessed her face went down now, in a swift spasm of pain. Her lips unbent and quivered like a little child's, and then the sobs came—the sobs, tearing themselves up from a proud, deep, loving woman's heart. Douglass Kent would have felt himself revenged—would have pitied her, I think, if he could have seen her then.

She had never acknowledged to herself even, that she loved this man; but what did that sharp agony, which fairly took away her breath, prove to her? What was that chill of desolation which swept over her, as she thought of her future, and of what she had done that hour, and of all she had put out of her life? And something whispered that it was not too late yet—she could call him back.

"I would die first!" said Jessie Holland, getting up and stamping her feet into the carpet, and pressing her red lips together.

And I think she would.

This Jessie Holland—this woman among ten thousand—had, you see, her faults. She knew them, and perhaps on that very account they were less excusable.

She was a favorite with men and women; a proud, generous, strong, impulsive nature, using its power oftenest for good, sometimes for evil; or, at least for the indulgence of her own self-love. The circumstances of her life had been more or less against her. She was an only daughter, the idol of doating parents—possessed of wealth sufficient to lavish on her every indulgence and luxury.

Late in her teens she had been orphaned of both; it was at just that time of her life which it is hardest for girlhood to tide over wisely. Jessie Holland went to live with an aunt, a weak, narrow-natured woman, who had married her own daughters after her own social creed, and wanted to do the same for her niece.

But Jessie Holland's nature was of different moral and mental texture from her cousins'. A fine, true, noble soul, as I said, notwithstanding its flaws of education and temperament. She was not handsome, but her face had a wonderful subtle power and charm—one of those faces which always chide your words in describing it, never the same for two minutes together, the soul beneath always claiming possession of it in some new phase of expression; its chief beauty beyond this, being the bright, clear bloom of its lips, a very glow of hot scarlet, and dark blue eyes, that were like flame or stars, as you found—more likely, as you made them.

Jessie Holland could only feed, at times, that strong, keen, alert mind of hers on such nourishment as would have satisfied a woman of narrower brain and heart, and there was much in the social life about her which disgusted and sickened one with insight so clear and ideals so high as hers.

But if the men and women disappointed her, her temperament was social, and approbative-ness was her weakness. There you had the greatest inconsistency and weakness of a noble and beautiful character.

Men admired and courted, women praised and loved this girl; and all this was like sweet incense to her. Her years were far up now in their twenties, when she came one summer to Rockledge, a little country town, hugging the shore, where her aunt owned a small cottage, which had been repaired and furnished, making the cosiest, coolest summer-nest imaginable, for nerves and hearts strained and tried with the crowded city life and ceremony. Here, in this freedom and quiet, Jessie Holland promised herself a new life, betwixt the solemn sea, the great tides going and coming like a mighty pendulum, the cool, deep woods, and her books.

"I shall grow a better woman here," she said to herself, her blue eyes in a mist of tears; "and perhaps God will forgive me the waste and the wrong of the past;" and she walked in the June twilight, up and down the gray sands of Rockledge, and the winds stung into fresh bloom the beauty of her lips and the fair paleness of her cheeks. But the temptation came in its most subtle shape, to try of what stuff the purpose of Jessie Holland was made.

Rockledge, within a year or two, like a good many obscure country towns, suddenly found itself with a reputation. Somebody had discovered its sea-bathing advantages and picturesque points, and circulated them in the right quarters, and that summer a strong current of fashionable life set towards Rockledge, by the sea.

Douglass Kent drifted down in this stream, with some distant relatives of his, intending to remain for a day or a week, as the case might be, before he started for the Adirondacs, where he intended to give full rein to the savage side of himself for a couple of months.

But the social gravitation of Rockledge proved too strong for the man, and for a time barbarism and its attractions fell into the background. The second day of his visit at Rockledge, he and a party of his friends, met Jessie Holland, walking alone on the sands. Her face was in its finest mood of color and expression, a very marvel of sweet, bright life. It struck, inter-

ested Douglass Kent at once; he had a keen discernment for all beauty in the faces of women, and found this sometimes where others were slow to perceive it.

His party happened to know Jessie Holland, sufficiently, at least, for recognitions and introductions. An hour's talk there on the sands showed the man a woman of more than ordinary social gifts and attractions, with a wonderful sparkle and gracefulness in her thought and talk. He, in his turn, showed her a man of the world, intelligent, cultured, with some subtle attraction which everybody felt when brought within the sphere of Douglass Kent.

When they separated, his party gossiped about Jessie Holland, as good-natured women will, representing her as far more of a belle and a flirt than she was, dangerous to the peace of all men, with all sorts of playful badinage over this meeting on the beach.

So Douglass Kent had his opinion formed of Jessie Holland. He fancied her more or less heartless—more or less a coquette. It was his misfortune that he had been thrown a good deal among women of that type.

But Jessie Holland interested, stimulated, a little perplexed him.

The acquaintance grew from that first hour, and Douglass Kent soon became the young lady's cavalier on all occasions. He had been that to a good many other women before.

Of course, everybody at Rockledge watched the progress, and gossiped over the flirtation, and wondered whether it would ever ripen into anything deeper.

As for Jessie Holland—the quiet, the books, the lonely rambles in the piny woods, and the walks on the gray beach, listening to what the ocean had to say to her soul all went for nothing.

You hear what, later, she said for herself; and, instead of speaking for her, I want this woman to make her own nature intelligible to you out of her own thoughts and acts.

She found herself in the midst of a flirtation before she intended it. All the talk of her friends stimulated her self-love, her strong delight in her own power. Fascinating, however, as the game was, the conscience, the better nature of this girl managed to make themselves heard in bitter condemnation through all the strong delight of the pursuit, and in the hour of her triumph, you have seen how these turned and rent her.

She had done just what she said—flirted and coquetted, after the way of her sex, with Douglass Kent; but what if, after all, she was playing

with dangerous weapons, and in some hour they should be turned against her own soul?

As for him, you have seen the result. But Douglass Kent's whole nature would have recoiled from the suggestion of winning the heart of any woman merely to gratify his self-love.

He would have disavowed such an act with much the same indignant scorn that he would stealing another man's purse, and thought that he placed both acts on nearly the same level. But it was not altogether his fault that he had gauged Jessie Holland after the women whom he had met, and these were brilliant, accomplished, but, in a large sense, heartless.

Neither had Douglass Kent seen the best and truest of his own countrywomen. Of an active, somewhat restless temperament, he had, since he left college, travelled over almost every country of the old world, and seen and learned much of men in all conditions of life.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that the knowledge had hardened him, for he was naturally of a generous and kindly nature; but, while his experience had enlarged and liberalized him on every side, it had hardly tended to refine or sublimize his character.

Naturally indolent, his philosophy of life had gradually assumed a lower and coarser form than it had held in his high-aspiring youth, and in some sense, and almost unconsciously to himself, for he had the fine native-instincts of a noble soul, he had begun to shape his conduct after his creed—to have a comfortable time in life, "making the best out of it a fellow could," and not demanding impossibilities in the way of heroism and sacrifice in one's self or others," all of which, yet, at the bottom, was a refined epicurianism.

But Jessie Holland had, somehow, stirred this man's nature from the indolence and selfish contentment into which it was lapsing.

Yet she had not showed the best side of herself to Douglass Kent, as she had not lived it towards him. She did not suspect what salt of better things than he talked, was in him; and in his presence she had chatted, flirted, used all the arts which she so grandly confessed against herself, for the sole purpose of proving her power over him; and when Jessie Holland set herself to do anything, it was in her nature to do it well.

Douglass Kent had, when he commenced the flirtation, no idea of anything but a pleasant summer episode in the society of an interesting and accomplished woman. He was far up in his thirties, and held a kind of indolent belief

that his heart and his fancy could both stand any test to which feminine charms could subject them. But we cannot be absolutely certain of ourselves, or of things transpiring in this life according to our programmes. The drama of every individual life is a surprise and a mystery from beginning to end, as is every human soul. Douglass Kent gave up the Adirondacs, and the attempt at barbarism, with all its picturesque attractiveness—at least, from a distance—for the sake of Jessie Holland.

So both the man and woman played with their edged tools that summer at Rockledge, and when the season was over, and people began to talk of leaving, then Douglass Kent began to feel that his future looked to him like a waste, and that the color and warmth his life wanted, were concentrated in Jessie Holland; and so, one afternoon, in the little cottage parlor of the girl's aunt, he found himself actually offering all that a man could to a woman.

Then, for the first time, Jessie Holland turned and showed herself to this man, the true, brave, royal woman, despite her blemishes, that she was; then his better nature rose up and did her homage, and hungrily demanded her for his own. Then the disguises and sophistries of his life dropped away from him, and he saw himself in a new light, and his conduct and aims at their true worth; then, when she denied his suit, he first learned how he loved her, and what she had become to him, and when he went out from her presence, beyond all his wrath and pain, his vision was still clear enough to see that, at the last, she had done him good, and that his future would be different and better because he had known and loved this woman.

And Jessie Holland turned slowly to the window, and faced the sunset—a long, red glitter of cloud going down behind the waves—and in her heart was a great, passionate longing to die, for the new knowledge which had come to her soul that hour was sweet as love, bitter as death.

"Oh, God!" prayed the proud woman, humbly enough, "forgive me the wrong I have done us both, and let the punishment fall only on me!"

It was Jessie Holland's last flirtation.

CHAPTER II.

Three years had passed since Douglass Kent and Jessie Holland had their strange parting in the little cottage at Rockledge by the sea. During that time the archangel's trumpet had sounded the knell of the nation's old life—the old moral apathies, the greed, the selfishness,

had passed away. The inspiration of a new mood of heroism and self-sacrifice had swept over the land like a breath from Heaven, and men had put aside, with a stern joy, all the sweetneses and delights of life and home, and gone out and braved death in all terrible forms of battle-field, and prison, and slow fevers, drinking the juices of life away down in deadly marshes; and woman, setting aside weaknesses and fears, had risen up to the height of her true ideal—not that which the beautiful old mythologies gave her, nor the ancient poets sang, but that loftier, finer ideal which Christianity alone has revealed and illuminated. Woman had borne fully her share in the nation's awful burden—borne it in sacrifice of all that makes life precious, in silent endurance or steadfast work, as the case might be.

If you have read Jessie Holland truly, I think you will have discerned that among these women she would be foremost. She had sometimes come almost to question why God kept her in His world at all. At the best, she seemed, in some hours of depression and humility, to be little more than a cumberer of the ground, "taking up with the mere threads and thrums of existence."

But the war changed all that, put the right sort of work into her hands, and left her little time to think of herself, which is often the very best thing that can happen to us. There are not many Florence Nightingales in the world; and this little heroine of mine never had laurels woven for her brows, or poems sung in her praises. But for all that, she did her work well down there in the hospitals, as many a poor maimed fellow could tell you—as the blessing of many a faltering voice, and the grasp of many a dying hand, could bear witness.

She did her work in a quiet way, too, "Always at her post when the time came; a woman you could depend on," the surgeons said. "A woman with a smile that went down into a fellow's heart like sunlight, and a few words cheerier than a bird's song," some of the convalescents averred.

At last her strength broke down, and the hospital doctors insisted upon her ceasing awhile from active service, and sent her up among the hills during the dead summer heats for relaxation and fresh, bracing airs. They expected hot work in the fall, and the eye and hand of such a woman as this was one they could not spare.

So Jessie Holland went up among the hills for rest and coolness to an old, low, rusty-brown

country house. It looked very comfortable to one who had been long familiar with hospital life and conveniences, although both inside and out, the house bore traces of the war, for it stood in that wide belt of border-land in Northern Virginia which was more or less a theatre for raid and pillage to both parties during the war. But that summer it had been free from any inroads of the enemy, and the inhabitants had relapsed from their past fear and excitement into a feeling of ease and security.

The people among whom Jessie Holland had been installed were of the coarse, kindly, good-natured type, and there was a wide, picturesque outlook from her chamber windows of low-lying meadows, with a broad, green hem of uplands. Jessie had her books and her thoughts, and fed herself on these for a week or more in the quiet of the rusty-colored old farm-house.

Then there came a change. A wave from the Rebel army dashed up here, marking its path with plunder and spoliation of every sort. The wave, bearing with it destruction and death, would certainly have swept along the track of the house where Jessie Holland sat in blissful ignorance of what was going on; for the marauders were bearing that way, flushed with triumph, when they were intercepted, three miles away, by an outlying regiment, which had got wind of the raid, and started in pursuit.

A hot skirmish ensued. There was no great victory to boast of on either side; but, after doing some deadly work, the marauders fell off, leaving our own men possession of the ground, and above a hundred dead and wounded in their midst.

Jessie Holland had just taken her book and sat down by the chamber window, in the late summer afternoon, with a breeze so fine and faint, that it haunted rather than stirred the hot air.

A smile full of peace and restful content had just deepened the red curve of her lips, when suddenly, a horse, without rein or bridle, ridden by a great clumsy, tow-headed boy of some dozen years, dashed up to the front door, and shouted aloud for help.

Jessie Holland put her head straightway out of the window.

"What is the matter?" she asked, going straight to the point, with as few words as possible.

"They've had an awful fight down there by the river road, three miles off; dead and dyin' uns scattered all round. Our folks drove 'em off, but we want help to tend the sick and dyin'."

The red face bobbing back and forth, the boy's voice hurried and half coherent, and even while he spoke, he had turned his horse's head to go back.

"Stop!" said Jessie Holland. Her tones, not loud, but a quiet authority in them, that it would have taken a good deal of force to resist—"I will get on behind you, and ride back."

The boy stared. This was a woman of such texture as he had never seen; and a moment later, she was standing by his side.

It was an awful sight—that which met the girl's gaze, down there in the hollow by the river—the torn underbrush, the trampled grasses—the dead and dying all around. I leave you to picture all that!

Jessie Holland found her hands full for the next three or four hours. The vicinity was thinly settled, and the wounded had to be bestowed in the dwellings for several miles around, and only a few of the worst cases had been removed before her arrival on the scene.

Late in the afternoon, as she was binding up a large but not dangerous flesh-wound, in a brawny arm, the doctor came to her side.

"We gave the Major up for lost an hour ago," he said. "Brave fellow—led the charge on gallantly; but he was struck off his horse, and his right leg all ripped up with a minnie ball. An ugly wound! Carried him over to the shed, yonder, expecting that would be the end of him. But he dies hard, and there's a chance out of a thousand that, with skillful surgery and the best of nursing, we could bring him through. Hadn't you better come over and take a look at him, and help us decide where he had better be sent? Everything depends on that."

Jessie Holland went. A tall figure lying there on an old mattress in the horse shed—a white face turned up to the light, with a long, deep cut on one cheek—a cut that had just escaped the temple; there he lay, with the still, settled look of death upon his face; one glance, and Jessie Holland knew that it was the face she had seen last in the summer afternoon at Rockledge, with the robin's song outside, and the lisp of winds in the clump of altheas by the window—the face of the only man she had ever truly loved! For a moment, she staggered, and the Doctor caught her.

"I ought not to have brought you here, Miss Holland," he said. "This is too terrible work for a woman, even like you."

But, in a moment heart and brain steadied themselves. Her thought must be alert and swift to decide what should be done. Douglass

Kent was not dead yet, for all that stark face of his—thank God!

The wound in his leg was so severe and complicated that it would require the best surgical attention, and that could not be obtained for several hours; and, fatal as delay might prove, nothing could be done, but to wait. At that moment, one of the ambulances rode up.

"Doctor," said Jessie Holland, "it is a long ride, but our house is the only place for this man. Once there, I need not say he will have the sort of nursing he needs."

"No doubt of that," answered the blunt country doctor. "The only question is, whether we can get him there alive."

It certainly was a question. Perhaps Jessie Holland's prayers kept the man's life back during that long, dreadful ride, with the poor mangled face lying in her lap all the way, and her heart growing sick and dead in her bosom every few moments, for fear the breath had passed forever out of those white lips. But it was there, faint and fluttering, when they lifted him from the ambulance, and carried him into the old rust-colored farm-house.

There, at last, in the midst of strong convulsive throes, life came back to Major Douglass Kent; but it was a life that hovered on the very borders of death. The fever had already set in, and there was not a glance of recognition, only the wild glare of insanity in his eyes.

The surgeon came at last. How Jessie Holland had watched and prayed for him! He shook his head when he saw the terrible wound. Inflammation had already commenced there. It seemed hopeless to attempt to save it. But oh! how Jessie Holland plead with the doctor; and at last, half against his will, he yielded. The bones were set; all that man could do was done for the sick officer; but Jessie Holland knew that the surgeon thought just what the village doctor had said—"The chances for his life were as one to a thousand!"

And all that woman could do for Douglass Kent was done also. For three weeks he lay in the grasp of a brain fever, from which it seemed there could be no release but death. Jessie Holland watched over him night and day, the long, still, sultry dog-days, the hot, moist, heavy summer nights, watched there by his side, knowing that death watched with her.

The inflammation was subdued, and the limb was saved. Jessie Holland was so thankful for that, that she never felt a pang even when the surgeon added, "It must be more or less crippled for life, though."

At last, the long battle round that bedside ceased.

"Nothing but that woman's nursing ever brought the man through," said the doctor.

"Nothing but my prayers!" thought Jessie Holland.

One day the man fell into a long sleep. That slumber was the soft balm dropped from the wings of the angel of life upon the sick man's pillow. Jessie Holland went to the window and looked out, her heart in one great throb of thanksgiving.

The air was full of passionate, sultry heat, that afternoon. A gray, vaporish cloud covered the sky. The heavy heat and the long watching overcame the girl. She sank down by the window, rested her head on her hand, and fell asleep. Suddenly the sunshine tore through the thin lining of gray clouds, and struck the pale, thin, sweet outline of the face under the shadow of its brown hair, and the face of Jessie Holland was like the face of an angel.

Late in the afternoon she started, opened her eyes, and they turned instinctively to the white face on the pillow, a face that resembled, in its sharpness and awful pallor, the soldier's face in "Consolation," that marvellous painting which, among many others, our war bequeathed us.

"Jessie!" said the man's voice, hardly above the faint whisper of a tremulous little child.

She came towards him, in that hour so trying to both of them, not knowing how her face was all broken up with eagerness and joy.

"How long have you been awake?"

"An hour, I think, watching your face by the window. What does it all mean, Jessie?"

She told him as well as she could, and the strong, proud man turned his head away and cried like a little child.

That evening the doctor came, and supplemented Jessie's story with another, and Douglass Kent knew that he owed to Jessie Holland not only his life, but his spared limb.

Afterwards, the man convalesced rapidly in the quiet old house on the border-land of the war. And it seemed to the man and woman under the roof there, the most blessed part of their lives.

For weeks that followed, although constantly in each other's society, neither alluded to what had passed one afternoon by the sea at Rockledge.

But when the summer heats passed into the soft coolnesses of September, the face of Jessie Holland had gathered no new bloom, and some weariness haunted all its brightness.

"It will never do for you to go back to the

hospitals this fall," said the doctor, as he sat with the convalescent and his nurse in the back portico. "The North is the only place for you, as it is for the Major here."

When the physician was gone, Douglass Kent spoke—

"Oh, Jessie! to think you got that face taking care of me!"

"No, I didn't. I brought it up from the hospitals."

But her lips quivered over the answer. The doctor's words were a strong blow to her.

Douglass Kent saw it. He spoke more to himself than to the woman sitting there.

"Three times, Jessie—it was three times, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean, Major?"

"Three times you refused me, Jessie, that afternoon at Rockledge; and yet—and yet—if I were not the miserable cripple for life that I am, broken down in health, too, I might give you a chance to do it again. Ah, Jessie! I wonder whether I was worth your saving, after all!"

Her whole face alive and tremulous with blushes,

"As if all that could make any difference with me!" her tones compounded of scorn and tenderness.

He must have taken some hope then, I think.

"Ah, Jessie! those words of yours made another, a better man of me. Through all the pain of losing, I had yet grace enough left to thank God that I had known you."

A little bench stood by his side. She went over to Major Kent and sat down there, laying her head on his knee. There were thick tears in her eyes.

"You will never know what that cost me, nor what the loneliness and long aching were that followed. But I thought it was my duty, and I must not flinch from it—that I had, as I said, no right to you."

"Jessie," said the Major, leaning over the face on his knee, "haven't you earned the right now? If you say no—it is a weak, sinful thought—God forgive me! but I shall wish you had left me to die there in the old horse-shed!"

"Oh, no; that is wicked, Douglass. I shall not let you wish that;" and there was no need Jessie Holland should say any more, for, bending over her face, Douglass Kent saw what that said, and it was all he wanted. He knew then that she would go North with him.

Have I not said and proved her a royal woman—a woman among ten thousand?

CONVERSATION.

He alone can become a *truly* accomplished conversationalist who is gifted with a kind heart, and such a person will always take pleasure in conquering the painful diffidence of others, and in breaking away the limits which separate them from "life."

Many persons suffer most unjustly under the imputation of having nothing to say, when the truth is, that few comparative strangers have ever conversed much with them. I believe it will be found that, in most cases, these "silent women" and "dumb youths" are far better worth knowing than the majority of chatters of common-place trifles.

If you are so unfortunate as to feel a tremor at the thought of encountering strangers in society, remember that they simply form a collection of persons, with whom you would have no difficulty in conversing singly. If you are conscious of possessing general information equal to that of those whom you expect to meet, and are yourself respectable as regards personal appearance, venture confidently and calmly on the ordeal. You will soon find it is like learning to swim, and that there is no difficulty or danger, even in the first plunge, which is not entirely imaginary. Let nothing deter you, come what may. If in certain circles you meet with people who are unkind enough to be indifferent, or annoy you more directly, take no notice of it; above all, do nothing to revenge yourself, and console your mind with the indubitable truth, that if you avoid acting as they have done, the time will come when you will be far their superior as regards the practice of all in "the art of society" which can make you truly esteemed.

Every evening spent in society is a lesson which, if turned to advantage, may aid your success in life.

A superintendent of a mission school, being annoyed by the noise, finally, in appealing to the boys, raising his hand, said: "Now, let's see if we can't hear a pin drop." All was silence, when a little fellow in the back part of the room, cocking his ear and placing himself in an attitude of breathless attention, spoke out: "Let her drop."

One of the greatest evils in the world is that men praise more than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue, but the worker is often less respected than the drone.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Lecturer on Botany in Charing Cross Hospital, London.

Everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening; their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds, and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnaeus the Sleep of Plants. The investigations of botanists since the time of Linnaeus have revealed several interesting physical truths explanatory of this plant-sleep.

According to Carl Fritsch, the duration of the sleep of plants, which is the same condition of rest as that of animals, varies in different species from ten to eighteen hours; its average duration is about fourteen hours.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration, most frequently not so long. The petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterwards more rapidly, as they become folded together; and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat to enable them to open than others. Hence the hours of the day are to a certain extent indicated by the opening and closing of flowers, and Linnaeus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "*horologium flora*," or floral clock. Thus, the common morning-glory opens at dawn, the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock, and the ice-plant at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the goats-beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and the morning-glory closes at the same hour, provided the day is fine; but if it is cloudy, and the atmosphere moist, then the morning-glory keeps open the whole day; the four o'clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the thorn, apple, and the evening primrose open at sunset, and those of the night-flowering cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. Thus, the white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset, and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and

again floats on the surface. The *Victoria Regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Some flowers, such as the gentian and crocus, after they have closed, may be made to open by exposure to strong artificial light; but on others, such as the convolvulus, it has no effect whatever.

Even the ordinary green leaves, as well as the flowers, are affected by sleep. This is particularly to be seen in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order Leguminosae, or the pea tribe. The change of position in the leaves of some of them is so well marked, that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning.

A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust tree that grew before her nursery window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied, with much acuteness—"Oh, mother, it is not yet time to go to bed! the locust tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

But how do the sun's light and heat produce these mechanical movements of the petals and leaves of plants? It may be thus explained: All living tissues, whether animal or vegetable, possess a certain amount of elasticity and sensibility, and are capable of being expanded and becoming turgid and rigid when filled with moisture and gases. Thus, drooping flowers placed in water, speedily recover themselves; their leaves assume their natural position; for the water ascends by capillary attraction and endosmose an inward absorption in their stem, and diffuses itself through their fibrous and cellular tissues which thus become distended with fluid. In like manner, when the sun withdraws his influence, the life processes of plants are still going on, but with less activity. The process of evaporation stops, and the upward flow of sap to the leaves is necessarily greatly retarded; they cease to evolve oxygen, all the chemical compositions and decompositions in their organism to which light is necessary, are no longer carried on, and their whole system

is consequently relaxed. Their leaves droop, and their petals return to their original position in the bud. As soon, however, as the first rays of the sun strike the foliage, the chemistry of nature is again resumed in the laboratory of the leaf, each foliole recommences its allotted task in the labor of plant construction; the sap ascends to the leaves with its wonted vigor, and their tissues again becoming filled with fluids and gases, the plants themselves necessarily strive to take their greatest amount of rigidity and elasticity, their drooping leaves elevate themselves, and they recover all their vital energies.

So long, therefore, as the carolla is open and the flower awake, it proves that the plant is active; now, this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light derived from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in polar countries, even when under continuous sunlight, the sun approaching the horizon at midnight, but not sinking below its surface. The flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and re-appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. Man has invented instruments to guide him back to more southern lands, when he wanders to polar countries; but nature has anticipated all his care; for the slumbering flowers around him tell him that it is night, that the sun is in the north, and rapidly approaching his lowest point above the horizon. This wonderful midnight sun has a peculiar effect on the circum-polar vegetation. Although the foliage of ligneous plants, such as shrubs and trees, which here sink down to the condition of dwarfs, is tough, coriaceous, and of a dark and sombre hue, gloomy as the long night of the polar world, yet, in the steady light which comes from the sun, as he circulates above the horizon for weeks, that sombre, green tint of the foliage is beautifully softened in the grasses and other herbaceous plants. But far higher and purer are the colors of the flowers. The trientalis and anemone, which in temperate climates produce white flowers, are dyed in the beams of the midnight sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed. Thus, within the Arctic Circle, as in the other regions of the earth, there is the same law of periodicity in the opening and the closing of the flowers, even under continuous sunlight.

But how is the fact to be understood that some flowers open at sunset and others when

his last rays have disappeared, or in the night time? At first, this appears to contradict the principles already laid down. But the explanation is easy. It is probable that heat is the chief agent in causing the movements of flowers, whether by day or night, and that light only influences them in so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle, the opening of some flowers at sunset, whilst others are closing, is very readily understood. Those chemical changes necessary to the growth of plants, can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and in some cases these conditions only exist at sunset. Hence, such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observations apply to night flowers. These only experience the proper warmth at night, and therefore open themselves, and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, their vital energies relax, and they once more fold themselves to their daily slumbers.

The slumbering and awakening of flowers is not, therefore, a poetic fiction, but a reality. It is beautifully analogous to the same phenomenon in animals, and arises from very similar causes. The organization of plants, like that of animals, daily oscillates between a state of repose and one of activity. All over, the illuminated portion of our planet vegetation is active, the rest of the plant-world is slumbering. On one side of the earth where the dark hemisphere is turning to the sun, on a meridian extending over the entire temperate and tropical zones, the bright and rosy tints of dawn are ever advancing over scenery all blooming with awakening flowers, and joyous with the song of early birds; and at the same moment, on the side of the earth diametrically opposite, and on the same meridian, the landscapes are turning away from the sun whose parting rays are ever tinging the evening sky; the song of the birds is becoming hushed, and the flowers are folding themselves to sleep for the night. Man and the flowers alike awake to greet the morning sun, and both sleep when his influences are withdrawn, in the hours of darkness and starlight. Surely this view of nature is not far from correct, and it certainly renders the plant-world additionally interesting.

Many a true heart that, like a dove to the ark, would have come back after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace of an unforgiving spirit.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.*

From a rare book of old gossip concerning the men of past generations, which has lately come to hand, we extract one or two little incidents relating to Washington and Lafayette. The author, Wm. H. Bogart, is an old resident of Albany, and many scenes described in the work are personal reminiscences of persons and things within his own time. Others were related by individuals who had themselves seen and known the characters written of.

The following is an anecdote of Washington, which we never remember to have seen in print before:—

It is well known how impressive was Washington in his personal appearance, but "Mr. Frances Granger said it was traditional in the federal capital that one man was found not awed by the presence of the great founder of that city. While the President was procuring the ground for the city which was to be the seat of government, he had but little difficulty in obtaining the necessary releases, except in one instance. Mr. James Byrnes was the owner of a lot or tract which it was advisable should be included in the plan. The General had various conferences with Mr. Byrnes, who was especially obstinate, and resisted all the reasoning and persuasions of the great man. Unused to opposition, Washington turned upon him and said, as only he could say it, 'Mr. James Byrnes! what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?' Byrnes was not crushed; but, undismayed, coolly turned to him and said, 'George Washington, what would *you* have been worth if *you* had not married the widow Custis?'"

The following incident has a rare flavor of old romance about it:—

"There was an old Colonial family (banished by their espousal of the Crown side, instead of that of the Republic), in whose annals of romance the tax-payers of New York were interested, and romance and taxes do not often touch their velvet and iron hands together.

"Frederick Philipse was the owner of a superb manor. It had a dainty domain over a rich territory, in that part of Westchester county where one relic of him yet remains—the little, quaint weather-vane which is above the old church of the Tarrytown cemetery.

Mr. Irving has made all that locality memorable, in his charming stories of Sleepy Hollow, and he lies in the shadow of the old church himself. In that vane the letters F. P. are curiously traced. I suppose the manor house had all the brilliant associations of Colonial hospitality, especially as it was at just such a distance from New York as permitted, even in those days and those roads, frequent journeys. And Miss Mary Philipse was a young lady who won even then the attention and notice of our own Washington, then a handsome young officer in the most loyal service of His Majesty George Third. He visited at the manor house, and he could not resist the fair lady; but duty called him eastward. He was ever a reflecting man, and did not at once declare himself, but left, with a chosen friend, a charge to keep watch and ward over his venture in this fair argosy. He left, I doubt not, reluctantly. Detained at Boston longer than he had hoped, his friend wrote to him to warn him that another was bold to win the fair Philipse. He could not return, and the lady, little conscious what a prize she had lost, accepted the proposals of Captain Morris. A nation's destiny was in the choice of the lovely lady, and we may not now stop to reflect what 'might have been,' which, Whittier well says, are of all words the saddest.

"The storm of the Revolution came. The family of Philipse and Captain Morris were loyal to the Crown, and in their great, but perhaps chivalrous error, the lands of the fair manor of Westchester went to the new state, and bills of attainder were passed, which included the name of Mrs. Morris; very ungalantly, but in the hour of war we do not stop for the gentle amenities of life. It is a fast and fierce philosophy we study then.

"There were broad and valuable lands in the adjacent county of Putnam, and these, too, went to the public title, and the State, in process of time, made conveyance to settlers. But, when the fever of war is over, nations grow calm and courteous, and wish to forget many a fact which, in the struggle, they flaunted in the face of mankind. The State, after all, thought it not wise to continue the attainder of the ladies, and it was, so far as Mrs. Morris was concerned, removed; and the shrewd and rising John Jacob Astor bought of her her title to the Putnam county lands. Mrs. Morris lived till 1826, and must often have thought if it would not have been wiser for her to have smiled very decidedly on that modest, but very good-look-

*"Who Goes There?" or, Men and Events. By "Sentinel." Published by Carleton, New York.

ing, young officer who afterwards yielded to the charms of the widow Custis.

"Mr. Astor took his title to the courts, and a good and strong litigation was had; and I remember to have seen that very impressive looking counsellor, Abraham Van Vechten, engaged in the trial before the court of errors. Mr. Astor's claim was sustained, and then the State, to remunerate those who had trusted its deeds, issued a public stock, called the Astor stock. It was to the amount of several hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was only finally paid up a very few years since. So New York was long taxed because Washington was not a quick-worded lover."

The author's recollections of Lafayette are most interesting concerning the reception of the old hero at Albany, in 1824; he says:—

"The General was safely sheltered that evening in civic hospitality, and we all went home satisfied. We had seen Lafayette. Henceforth there was a touch of the Revolution about us. The next day, we, that is, the juveniles, concluded that it was our chief and primary duty to watch and record every movement of the illustrious man, and that the demands of education upon us might be postponed. We built better than we knew. There was more real education in the incidents of those days than in a hundred pages of written history. So, wherever he moved, did we. Just where the city flagstaff now is, at the centre of the large space at the junction of State street and Broadway, was a pump. It might be designated as the town pump, and was worthy of having been the subject of Hawthorne's delightful essay. What quaint superstitions attached themselves to boyish intercourse in that day! Is there yet any of this remaining, or has it all died, in our bright and busy practicalism? We were taught to believe that if, by the side of that pump, any of us should lie down and count the stars above us, death would immediately ensue. I do not know that we precisely believed this, but the experiment was not made. Perhaps Albany considered that pump a choice ornament; at all events, in the day of Lafayette's visit, it was made the *locale* of a bold but entirely successful homage to our guest. Indeed, it was quite in the style of some of the incidents that graced Queen Elizabeth's progress at Kenilworth.

"There's a bower of roses in Bendamere's stream," sings Moore, in one of his sweetest songs. Not quite of roses, but of verdure very profuse and deep, was there a bower formed,

and woven around this, and it was indeed a green spot in this stony Sahara of the city. Upon its top stood a living eagle, the very bird and emblem of our nation—no taxidermist's effigy, but in real life. Certainly it was a most successful device, but its full triumph was not in the mere look of the thing. As Shakspeare, or Sheridan, recommends above all things, to the players, action, so was this to be conducted. As, the next day, the General, in his progress through the city, passed this bower, at the very moment of his nearest approach to it, up rose the eagle, and, raising his wings, seemed about to depart on the glad mission of communicating the tidings that Lafayette was among us. And I do not doubt that the General thought it a very pretty occurrence, and his suite, a very remarkable one, and to the crowd that followed his carriage a most curious coincidence, that, at that very moment, the eagle should so appropriately rise; but for us,—we who had, in some way only possible to boys, the confidence of the penetralia,—we knew that, at that time, the eagle could not help rising, for he was most uncomfortably pushed thereunto by a dextrous but unrelenting man in the concealment of the bower. The world outside did not know it, and it is type of too many of the incidents where the eagle rises, and the showman thrusts, and the crowd shout, and history makes grave record, and only the few know what it was that really made the great occasion." * *

"In the pillars of the portico of the capitol at Albany there are midway some irons inserted, the use of which has often puzzled the observer. They supported a temporary balcony, which was thronged as he came up the avenue, and from which the attempt was made to drop a coronal of flowers on his head—how successfully I do not recollect. It was a dangerous experiment to any hero who wore a wig, but I suppose all that was thought about. The best of all about Lafayette's visit, was the healthy, honest, good heart of the people, who, without affectation or sycophancy, remembered that a man really great by service to them,—very great by circumstances,—who had been with and of the best and greatest of human affairs, was before them, with them; and they said, this is all just right, and we give our whole heart to it. I never heard him utter a word, being only a spectator from some vantage ground of post or piazza, but I recollect that I cherished a smile he bestowed when at Greenbush, on his way to the Eastern States. The incident in itself is trivial, but not so as typing the general love of a whole people."

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE WRETCHED.

BY NORA WORK.

Mr. Trueman had prepared a Thanksgiving dinner, and invited strange guests. Without their being aware of it, he had collected representatives of earth's miserable; and looking benignly down the two rows of faces at his table, smiled at the odd array of character. We say array, for Mr. Trueman was an individual of great insight, and well versed in the lore of human nature.

At his right hand, were an old man and old woman, whom he had picked up in an adjacent alley, pensioners on the labors of their son, a burly man with a wife and six children. Very sorrowful and pinched were their faces, and palsied and stiff their limbs. Alas! that those feeble ears were still sensible to the unfeeling taunt of having "outlived their usefulness."

Below them, sat Mr. Trueman's washerwoman, a poor widow, with weak frame and hacking cough, pale-faced and weebegone; and her brother, a wounded, sick, and broken-down soldier, carrying a secret sorrow, not so much at the loss of his limb, as the ungratefulness of that people he had served.

At Mr. Trueman's left hand, nestling towards him with a confidence beautiful to see, were two little children, who looked curiously around, with intelligent glances, most at a man who sat near the foot of the table, and whose bloodshot eyes and haggard face gave evidence of past excesses. Poor, abused babes! Their friend had found them screaming under the blows of a brutal parent, and rescued them, with the threat of informing the authorities were this inhuman conduct repeated. Perhaps they traced in that fallen face some likeness to the one which had so often bent over them, made terrible with rage.

But all his specimens were not gathered from the lowly walks of life. By the side of these "shorn lambs," sat a grave man, whose attentions to them were almost tender. Sad father! Earth had tucked her green spread over the fresh faces and dark eyes of his own little ones. Blessed are orphans and neglected children in the existence of bereaved parents! Next this gentleman, sat another of Mr. Trueman's friends, who looked around with mingled amusement and disdain. Had he known his host's object, on receipt of the pleasant invitation to dinner, how hot would have burned his wrath! But

this man was as thoroughly wretched as any one at that pleasant board; perhaps more so than all of them; for Faith was shrined, like a gem, in many of these humble hearts, and this he spurned with bitter, though heartsick jests. Opposite, with still a little clinging of haughty patronage, was a man whose credit was ruined in the commercial world. The party of friends amongst whom he came, including, beside the two gentlemen already mentioned, a disappointed author, a young friend suspected of pining about "*les affaires du cœur*," and a nervous man, of reclus habits, whom our philanthropist strongly suspected of bearing a weight uncommonly heavy upon his conscience—these regarded their humble fellow-guests with some surprise, whose presence was a proof of their host's eccentricity.

That individual smiled with peculiar satisfaction; then, rising, he lifted his hands, at which sign every head was bowed, with the exception of the children. Their eyes wandered, though with abashed and half-frightened gaze. No blessing had ever before hallowed their daily bread:—

"We, Thine unworthy creatures, are gathered before Thee, O God, to break bread and to commune together. Let Thy blessing descend, sanctifying both our food and the bodies it shall nourish. Be pitiful unto us, according to the needs of each, and gather us all around Thy table in Heaven."

It is peculiar what respect the Christian religion exacts, even from those who scoff it in debate. The infidel was as devout as that poor widow, who always breathed a low petition over each scanty meal. The courses were immediately served, and many dull eyes brightened unwontedly. The brokenhearted lover saw, half-contemptuously, how eagerly these poor people relished the viands. "Miserable humanity!" he thought, "how are we degenerated, when bodily comforts become the objects of our sole solicitude. What are pangs of the flesh, to suffering of the spirit?"

But the infidel, with epicurean propensities, was prone to enjoy every physical luxury, and to forget the spirit's hunger.

"Aint this nice?" whispered one little child, nudging the other; "do you think mother gets good dinners where she is gone?"

Dead people don't eat, don't you know? I used to wish I was dead, so I wouldn't be hungry."

"But mother said she was going off somewhere else to *live*—away up high—why, I remember, just as well! And don't she eat there?"

"Ask Mr. Trueman if dead people eat. I don't believe they do."

So the case was laid before Mr. Trueman, with much childish hesitation and diffidence.

Spirits do not need our food," he explained; "your mother has thrown off the body, and all the body's wants. Which do you think have more importance, my child, the wants of the body, or those of the soul?"

"I don't know, sir," she answered, timidly, putting one thumb in her mouth.

"Tell me, then, whether you would rather go to Sunday-school every Sabbath, or have a good dinner?"

"We don't know what Sunday-school is, sir. I think I would rather have a good dinner."

"Ah!" remarked the old man, his head shaking with palsy, meanwhile, "it's hard for some of us poor to keep Heaven in sight, with so many worldly cares piled on us."

"My friends!" Mr. Trueman looked over his collection struck with a sudden thought, "there are divers kinds of wants and sufferings in the world. Will you each tell what appears to you the hardest thing of all to endure?"

For a human being will ever count his own load heaviest.

"Well, sir," began the old man, with slow stammering, "I've lived nigh onto eighty year, and I've seed my children nailed up in little coffins, and carried out one after t'other, till only the youngest was left us; but the hardest thing I've had to endure in this life, was to hear that last one say there's no need of me any longer—I've outlived my usefulness. The mother and me has weathered the storms together; we can both say this is the heaviest;" and the old couple looked into each other's eyes, weeping.

"No; there's a worse thing to be endured," suddenly broke in the drunkard, with a quiver of sharp remorse in his tones. "It's the thought that you've broken the heart of an angel woman, and starved your own little ones; that you've wrecked your body, and bartered your soul for drink. To be injured by others is holy martyrdom; but to have killed your best-loved—" He bent down his head with a groan.

Reserve and caste were now broken up. No

one hesitated to unfold his misery; the thrill of sympathy and the desire for it overmastering all other feelings.

"Your case, friend," said the broken merchant, much moved, "is only analogous to mine. By mad speculations and reckless investments, I have dragged wife and daughters from luxury to want! Oh, the agony of beholding the results of my rashness in their pale faces and drooping frames. We are wretched, indeed, when we bring ruin on these."

"I think I know what it is to suffer," murmured the widow's thin voice. "Many a day, there was only a morsel of dry bread for the crying children, while toil bent me almost to the earth; but there was no trouble, no sorrow like that which fell when my husband died. Whatever came after that, could add nothing."

"There were two boys given me," said the childless father, shading his face, "like twin lambs. They were my pride, my wealth, my heart's core. Their voices and baby-touches, their clinging and pretty lovingness, kept me closer to Him who 'suffered the little ones to come.' He has them now, and I am desolate!"

"That were loss indeed," said the young lover, in scarcely audible tones; "but a loss made up at death. If you had loved one woman with mad idolatry, were fettered to her by a pain that killed you, and yet blissfully thrilled you, till she became the centre of your universe, and if you had lost that woman, what could fill the void? 'It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all,' but accused to have loved in vain!"

"Sir," broke out the infidel, "your object of desire had a definite shape, and, although it was a woman, you may have loved truly. But I have all my life, hungered after a Truth I cannot define, and my very soul perishes to find it. Sir, it is better to know that light is what you want, and so seek it unsuccessfully, than to lie in darkness eaten with nameless need."

"Comrades," said the old soldier, taking advantage of the first pause, "I was a strong-steppin' fellow as ever you see, and handled things none of you can lift. It was all for love of country that I went to war, and I gave her the best of my life and a good right leg, glory in' in the givin'. But that leg 'ud be a better friend to me now than she has been, though God save her, if she *does* forgit some of her wornout critters!"

He rubbed his coat-sleeve across his eyes and relapsed into silence.

"Such is the abuse the world forever sheds," exclaimed our disappointed author, with bitter-

ness. "I toiled, and sacrificed like you, my friend, though in another sphere. For years and years, I gave myself to untiring study and research, cultivated the art of expression, and at last presented my fruits to the public, who passed over them as swine would trample jewels of which they cannot reckon the value. I had rather be a hermit, and dwell alone in the wilderness, than be obliged to exchange courtesies with such a world. It is a pain which no one can understand but the experienced, and which presses more cruelly than the Old Man of the Seas rode Sinbad."

The man of haunted conscience looked around, with cold perspiration standing out on his forehead.

"My good friends, you have all been mentioning what appeared to you heavy loads; but nothing can compare with remorse. The partial unfoldings there have been, encourage me to this confession, for I have borne it. There is respite and even escape from other things; but from this there is none. It is not a thorny pillow, but a body-casing of thorns that pierce to agony when you lie down; and when you communicate with other men, their points are turned outward. So you good fellow beings with your own pain. But no figures of speech can express it. It is the Eternal Fire!"

If there had been a climax to reach, here would have been the climax. But Mr. True-man regarded this sad man as he had regarded all the other sad souls. He ended their sayings with his own strong words.

"We have all freely unburdened our minds, and know there is much suffering to be endured in the world. But, my children and friends, I can imagine nothing more terrible than a Christless life. Bereavement, disappointment, sin, unbelief, all are absorbed and removed by the beaming Sun of Righteousness. My children, you know the Source of healing. Seek it, for there is an assembly of the wretched turned into an assembly of radiant beings."

As our bodily health cannot be improved from any cause, without producing at the same time a beneficial effect on the mind, so we cannot be out of health, without our mental powers being at the same time impaired in a corresponding degree.

The human heart, like a well, if utterly closed in from the outer world, is sure to generate an atmosphere of death.

THE MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM.

A mother sat at her sewing,
But her brow was full of thought;
The little one playing beside her
Her own sweet mischief wrought.
A book on a chair lay near her—
'Twas open (I strove to see)
At the old Greek artist's story,
"I paint for eternity."

So I fancied all her dreaming;
I watched her serious eye
As the 'broidery dropped from her fingers,
And she heaved a heartfelt sigh.
She drew the little one nearer,
And looked on the sunny face,
Swept the bright curls from the open brow,
And kissed it with loving grace.

And she thought, "I, too, am an artist;
My life-work here I see;
This sweet, dear face, my hand must trace,
I must paint for eternity.
Hence! each dark passion-shadow!
Pain's deeply graven lines!
Hers must be the reflected beauty
That from the pure heart shines.

"But how shall I blend the colors,
How mingle the light and shade,
Or arrange the weird surroundings
The future has arrayed?
O life! thou hast weary nightfalls,
And days all drear that be,
But, from thy darkness, marvellous grace
Wilt thou evoke for me?

"Alas, that I am but a learner!
So where shall I make me wise,
Or obtain the rare old colors,
The Master's precious dyes?
I must haste to the fount of beauty,
Must pleadingly kneel at His feet,
And crave, 'mid His wiser scholars,
The humblest pupil's seat.

"Then, hand and heart together,
Some grace shall add each day;
Thus shall her face grow lustrous,
With beauty that cannot decay.
My darling! God guide my pencil
And grant me the vision to see,
In the light of His love, without blemish or stain,
In the coming eternity."

Then the mother awoke from her day-dream,
Her face grew bright again,
And I knew her faith was strengthened
By more than angel's ken.
Her fingers flew the faster
As she sang a soft, low song;
It seemed like a prayer for the child so fair,
As it thrilled the air along. *Anonymous.*

RUFFLES.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

It was a very pleasant little tea-party this afternoon. The hostess, social and agreeable, the guests, cheerful and lively, and the tea-table abundant in food; not enough variety to suggest thoughts of weariness and perspiration over the hot stove, for some poor worker all the forenoon, but of a little beating and stirring in the shaded pantry, mixed in with the morning's work in the cool hours, bringing no feelings but pleasure at thought of the invited guests.

Yet, after all, as I sit alone in my quiet room, there is a little unrest that troubles me—a jarred, misplaced feeling, as if some uttered remark had jostled unpleasantly, and thoughts still passed over rough edges that would not settle into smoothness. I think it was this:—

Mrs. Ancy, who sat near me, remarked—"I cannot get time to read; I used to think, when I first went to housekeeping, that, as our family was small, I could finish my work before night, and have an hour to spare; but I always found enough to do, and have given up trying!"

"But the body is not all," expostulated Mrs. Stasy, who was by her side. "The soul needs food as much as the body; and more, too, I often think; for the soul will live when the frame that covers it is but dust."

"Well, what can any one do, when there is just so much to be done?" exclaimed the first speaker.

"Leave off ruffles," chimed in, pleasantly, the voice of the inveterate reader of the group, as she just raised the folds of her dress, and showed a white skirt with plain hem. "You see I practise what I preach, Mrs. Ancy," ending with a merry laugh.

"Yes, leave off ruffles," went to the root of the matter; but not ALL! Where is the dividing line?

Mrs. Ancy's house is kept constantly swept and garnished, and in perfect order, a rebuke to the whole neighborhood. Her stove is brightened, and her kitchen floor scoured every morning, and no drifted leaf or careless shred is allowed to rest a moment upon her carpet. It is sweet and pleasant, but does it pay? Could not part of the ruffles be laid aside, and the time given to raise the windows of the soul, and give it a good airing with the written thoughts of the pure and wise of earth. It is

so natural to employ the mind with what employs the hands, and will it not become dwarfed if it works day after day in the same narrow routine, without anything from abroad flowing in to give new life and expansion?

Most of us are placed where we must work. The health and comfort of our husbands and children are dependant on our hands; but too many of us bind around us needless chains, that, as time passes, we have not force and will to undo; and the shackles will grow heavier and heavier, till they sink us to the grave.

It began far back when we were like Mrs. Ancy's household, only two, and we thought we would be model housekeepers, never dreaming of the elephantine proportions model housekeeping could expand into, and our household

lord, with love and pride for his wife fresh in his heart, praised us for every effort, and it was very sweet, and we worked on with new vigor. One side-dish after another was added to our tables, till our taste for plain food became vitiated; and after years of this life, the little

ones were given to our arms. Time could not be stretched, though double duties were ours to do, and so we hastened our steps, and so strong was habit, never dreaming that we could lay aside any of the chains. Loving, working, patient, never complaining; oh, dear! how our hearts ached when our children grew tall, and we found they had souls—souls to which our poor dwarfed souls could hardly give an answering throb.

Oh, mothers! young mothers! give up some of the ruffles! Lay aside the delicate tatting! Deny yourself the fine embroidery, that so tempts your æsthetic taste, and stitch a hem; cook plainer food, if you have not time for all things, and add a little, weekly, to the culture of your mind, that as the years roll on, you may walk side by side by your husband, a companion, and your children, even after they grow up to the stature of men and women may rise up and proudly call you, "Mother."

BEREA, OHIO.

It is a fine thing, says the Country Parson, to ripen without shrivelling; to reach the calmness of age, yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

LAY SERMONS.

OUR DEAD.

In slow procession the long line of carriages entered the cemetery. Then a large company stood above an open grave, around which were nearly a dozen grassy mounds, and as many white head stones. The coffin was lowered, the church-service said; then the grave was filled, and the mourners and their friends went back to the carriages.

"How many graves!" said an old gentleman, referring to the burial-lot in which the interment had taken place. He sat in one of the carriages that had passed from the cemetery. Opposite him was a younger man, of mild yet grave aspect, who did not, at this remark, give anything more than a respectful attention. His thoughtful eyes rested in those of his companion, who, seeing encouragement in them, added this sentence to the one just spoken.

"Happy are they who have none to bury—who have no graves."

"Are there any such?" remarked the other.

"Yes. I have no graves."

"No dead?" said the younger. In his tones were surprise and incredulity.

"No dead—no graves," answered the old man.

"I think there must be some lapsing of the memory. There is no man living who has not buried his dead, and sorrowed over them."

"I never knew my parents," said the other, "and therefore was spared the grief of their loss. I had no brother or sister. I never married. So, you see, that loving none, bereavement was impossible."

"And yet," returned his companion, "if I read your face aright, you have stood by many graves, in which the loved and the lost were buried."

"You are one of those who talk in parables," said the elder of the two men, a slight contraction visible on his brows, "and I think I see your drift."

"Life is but a long series of deaths and burials," was answered. "Think for a moment. Sometime, in the years long past, was there not living in your soul a high purpose, that grew feeble and feeble for lack of execution; and which, at last, sickened and died, and now lies buried without hope of resurrection?"

A change crept into the old man's face. The lines on his brows drew closer. He was looking inward and backward.

"This has not been your experience alone," resumed the speaker, in a tone that was both gentle and respectful. "It is my experience, and that of every living soul. There is a burial-place in each

of our lives, and it is full of graves. And some of the graves are small, and contain the innocent affections of childhood, that we let die; sweet affections, that held us near to angels. Tender pity and loving kindness; a reverent trust in God, and sense of His nearness and protection. With most of us, alas! they all died and were buried long ago. Then came the period of rational thought and good resolutions. What pure and true ideals of life were born to us and tenderly cared for and nourished for a time. Where are they now? Have any grown and ripened into a vigorous and efficient manhood? Some, with us all, I trust; but ah, their graves are many!"

The old man's head drooped upon his breast. Memory and thought were busy. His companion went on:—

"In the earnest work and conflict that followed, how fared the true, the good, the tender the innocent and loving things that were born to us in the warm spring-time—the golden days of our existence? Where are they now? Alive or dead? Ah, my, friend! how many of them died for lack of nourishment? how many from the malaria engendered by evil passion and false persuasion? how many by violence, when, in the hour of temptation, we fell by the hand of our adversary? How multitudinous are our dead!"

They rode on for some time in silence, the old man still with his head upon his bosom. He was looking at his graves.

"There are cases of suspended animation," said the other, resuming, after a pause; "and sometimes even the dead come back to life. Nay, what is fuller of comfort than this, is the assurance of both reason and experience, that many of these good and innocent affections, born to us in our earlier years, do not really die, but are caught up into interior regions of the soul, far above our consciousness, as infants are taken up into Heaven; and that, if we put away in God's strength the evils we have permitted to rule us, and receive from Him heavenly affections in their stead, then these lost children will be restored to comfort and to bless."

The carriage stopped, and the two men alighted at the door of the house from which, an hour before, the funeral procession had started.

"Call and see me," said the elder of the two, as they were about parting. "You have disturbed me by your notion about things buried in the soul."

"It is more than a notion," remarked the other.

"Well, maybe it is. At any rate, call and see me, if you can spare the time. I would like to go a

little deeper in this new direction—new, at least, to me.”

They met again, a few days afterwards.

“I have been wandering among graves ever since that day of the funeral,” said the old man. “What a strange power is sometimes concealed in a new idea. Ah me! no dead—no graves, I said; while all along the years, as I go searching back, I find the mournful records of buried hopes, and noble ends, and innocent states of life. I have removed many coffin-lids since I saw you, to look at the faces of my dead. They were not changed, for memory had embalmed them all. How beautiful some of them were! beautiful, though pale and cold. I think I should have been in despair at the sight, had I not remembered what you said about suspended animation, and the withdrawal of innocent things into the interior regions of the mind, where they are kept from perishing. And so, I have sorrowed over my dead, but not without hope. What think you? Will not some of my lost ones be restored—some of my dead live again.”

“If the atmosphere of your life be warm, and your hands ready to minister,” was answered, “some of them will revive and some come back; and there will be new births in your soul of heavenly offspring to delight and bless, if the truth you see and the good you know be married at the altar of right living. Because our past is full of graves, it need not be so in our future. The pleasant children born unto us will abide, if we love and cherish them; and they will make all our dwellings musical with sweet voices, and radiant with immortal beauty. Oh, no; you, nor I, nor any of us need despair. Because we have groped in darkness, and strayed into rough or miry places, that is no reason why we may not, if we will, walk through green meadows and beside still waters. The Good Shepherd is ever calling to us, and ever ready to lead us back into the pleasant places from which our feet have strayed; and the fault will be all our own if we stay on the bleak hills, or the dark and dismal valleys.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.

[This chapter, or “Sermon,” as the author calls it, from the second series of “Spare Hours,” by John Brown, M. D., author of “Rob and His Friends,” is excellent. It was given as a lecture, we suppose, to an audience mostly composed of the good Doctor's patients in Edinburgh.]

Our text at this time is Children and their treatment, or as it sounds better to our ears, Bairns, and how to guide them. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house among its small people when a baby is born; how they stare at the new arrival with its red face. Where does it come from? Some tell them it comes from the garden, from a certain kind of cabbage; some from “Rob Rorison's bonnet,” of which wha haana heard? some from that famous wig of Charlie's, in which the cat kittled, when there was three o' them leevin', and three o' them dead; and you know the Doctor is often said to bring the new baby in his pocket; and many a time have my pockets been slyly examined by the curious youngsters,—especially the girls!—in hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from; *they all come from God*; His hand made and fashioned them; He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life,—of His life. He said, “Let this little child be,” and it was. A child is a true creation; its soul, certainly, and, in a true sense, its body too. And as our children came from Him, so they are going back to Him, and He lends them to us as keepstakes; we are to

keep and care for them for His sake. What a strange and sacred thought this is! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into which you and I, and all of us, are fast going. I once asked a little girl, “Who made you?” and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, “God made me that length, and I grewed the rest myself.” Now this, as you know, was not quite true, for she could not grow one half inch by herself. God makes us grow as well as makes us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to Him, and that you and I, who are parents, have to answer to Him for the way we behave to our dear children,—the kind of care we take of them.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children,—that is a little out of my line,—but I may tell you that the soul, especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in; for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its

inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable, and cankered, and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies,—will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural, in an unhappy child. You and I, grown-up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows, and difficulties, and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are: the kitten making fun of everything, even of its sedate mother's tail and whiskers; the lambs, running races in their mirth; even the young asses,—the baby-cuddie,—how pawky and droll and happy he looks with his fuzzy head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sair hauden-down* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom.

I know how hard it is for many of you to get meat for your children, and clothes for them, and a bed and bedding for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing, for a poor, struggling, and it may be weakly woman in your station, to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer; but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost either of money or time or trouble. And it is well-warded pains; it will bring you in two hundred per cent. in real comfort, and profit, and credit; and so you will, I am sure, listen good-naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him; and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects,—the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels,—are in good order and happy, or not. Now, first of all, keep the head cool. Nature has given it a night-cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best. And keep the head clean. Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least; and if it get sore and scabbid,

the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage-blade on it every night. Then for the *lungs*, or *lichts*,—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning,—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too; and so it eats more, and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air, and lots of it. So, whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then for their *night-gowns*, the best are long flannel gowns; and children should be always more warmly clad than grown-up people,—cold kills them more easily. Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen and great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby, for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and is the best and the cheapest, too. If the baby be healthy, it should be weaned or spined at nine or ten months; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk, and water and sugar, or thin breadberry, once a day for some time, so as gradually to wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whisky, or any strong drink, unless by the Doctor's orders. Whisky to the soft, tender stomach of an infant is like vitriol to ours; it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whisky; and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing. The whisky passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child. This is a positive fact. And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman staggering along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slippin' farther and farther back. I ran, and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone, on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little, soft, waefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight! so much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about forever

seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale; too true.

There is another practice which I must notice, and that is giving children laudanum to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs and windy pains. Now, this is a most dangerous thing. I have often been called in to see children who were dying, and who did die, from laudanum given in this way. I have known four drops kill a child a month old; and ten drops one a year old. The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye as well as the law's, is, never to give laudanum without a Doctor's line or order. And when on this subject, I would also say a word about the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves. I know this is far commoner among the poor in Edinburgh than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum is even worse than that from whisky. The one poisons and makes mad the body; the other, the laudanum, poisons the mind, and makes it like an idiot's. So, in both matters beware; death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse, and the gallows, and an awful future of pain and misery,—all are in the cup. These are the wages the Devil pays his servants with for doing his work.

But to go back to the bairns. And first a word on our old friends, the bowels. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right, if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach! No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whisky, to kill their digestion; no *Gundy*, or *Taffy*, or *Lick*, or *Black Man*, or *Jib*; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk, and butter, and fat the better; but plenty of plain, wholesome food, parritch and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and milk, good broth,—kail as we call it. You often hear of the wonders of cod-liver oil, and they are wonders; poor little wretches who have faces like old puggies', and are all belly and no legs, and are screaming all day and all night too,—these poor little wretches, under the cod-liver oil, get sonsy, and rosy, and fat, and happy, and strong. Now, this is greatly because the cod-liver oil is capital food. If you can't afford to get cod-liver oil for delicate children, or if they reject it, give them plain olive oil, a tablespoonful twice a day, and take one to yourself, and you will be astonished how you will, both of you, thrive.

Some folk will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm; but the great thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm. The chest, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body,—the heating apparatus,—is, and if you keep

it warm, and give it plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feetkins, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh. As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is, not knowledge, but the will to do what is right,—what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy, and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased and lazy and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated, or inoculated with the cow-pock. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dispensaries. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small-pox, would disappear from the face of the earth; but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced, as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost that it is too late. So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already, and see to it immediately.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book. "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in

their little legs, and they rode cheerily home. So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold,—more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in Heaven, and hears our prayers, both money and meat and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child: you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to Heaven. You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me. I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bed-clothes kneeling. I said, "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma

better," said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people,—for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lip their prayers. "Abba, Father," is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fullness of reliance. "They pray right up," as black Uncle Tom says in that wonderful book, which I hope you have all read and wept over.

And now I must end. I have many things I could say to you, but you have had enough of me and my bairns, I am sure. Go home, and when you see the little curly pows on their pillows, sound asleep, pour out a blessing on them, and ask our Saviour to make them His; and never forget what we began with, that they came from God, and are going back to Him, and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may they resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to Him who died for them and for us all, and who was once Himself a little child, and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it had been better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ANNIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MAY LEONARD.

If any tender-hearted little damsel takes up this story, with the intention of reading the same, I hereby warn her at once to throw it aside, as it's a tragedy. The ride of the little girl, about whom I'm going to tell you, ended only with the death of her beast.

This is the Grays winter sitting-room. This dim, uncertain light—a mixture of moon and fire-light—does not admit of detailed description. The first object which catches the eye, is the bright, open coal fire, and opposite, its brightness is reflected in a large ivy-enwreathed mirror. Beside the fire is a luxurious easy-chair, a foot-stool, and the waiting slippers. A small table, with a crimson cover, is strewn with periodicals, a new book lies open, and the evening paper apparently unread. I see pictures, but cannot guess their subjects, and here and there gleams out a bust or statuette. A deep, southern bay-window is filled with fragrant plants. In the centre a stately calla rises, bathed in moonlight, majestic in her beauty, an empress surrounded by her court. I should say that here was not splendor, but comfort—the light, warmth, cheeriness, all belong to that "fairiest of fairy lands—the land of home."

The door opens, and two—shall I say young men or boys?—enter. They are Philip and Herbert Gray. "Why, where is everybody?" asks Philip, the elder, taller and stouter of the two. "Mother and Nelly making calls, father not home from town, Grace in her room; and as for Annie, there's no telling where she may have wandered."

"Here's a formation of some sort upon the lounge," added Phil, exploring, cautiously. "Here's a hard substance, mineral, I should say, kid, paper, woollen, silk, and—yes, actually, here's a mane. What's the product of such ingredients? In my opinion, the mane is the vulnerable part; let's combine our forces, and if it belongs to any member of the animal kingdom, we'll rouse it into life."

A groan rewarded their efforts, and slowly gathering herself up, a young woman of some dozen years experience in life—perched upon the back of the lounge.

"So, so! It's Kerenhappuch, is it?" cried her tormentor. "I thought the Sphinx could be restored to a state of animation."

Another groan, and the unhappy little victim fell into his arms, washing his linen with a deluge of tears. The case was getting serious.

"Nay, Kerenhappuch, it was before your advent that your family came to grief. 'And in all

the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job, and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren." What more can you desire?" Kerenhappuch was an appellation which had clung to Annie Gray ever since one unlucky morning when she had stemmed the current of family opinion, declaring her admiration for that much abused name. It was much more full of expression and character than the names given in these later days—she only regretted it had not fallen to her lot. It was at once voted that her wish should be gratified, and Kerenhappuch she became thenceforth.

You will, perhaps, have surmised that our heroine was somewhat "notional." She was a whole-souled, impulsive little body. One of those unfortunate whose stockings are perpetually down—into whose gowns rents and stains come, whose aprons catch all the spilled ink, and with whom frouzy hair and ribbons awry are chronic. She excelled in the facility with which she could lose everything lovable, and break whatever was breakable; but she was generous and loving. Her pin money went like the early dew, but seldom for her own gratification. But to return to her in tears. Philip was really kind of heart, so dropping his teasing tone, he comforted her into a state of calmness and tolerable coherency. Her grief was occasioned by the volume over which they found her bowed—"Mrs. Opie on Lying." With Annie everything was wholesale, and when her conscience brought to mind numberless exaggerations, and impulsive, thoughtless, half-truths, she accused herself of the most deliberate, systematic, shameless lying. Shame, remorse, despair filled her heart now. How could she ever atone for twelve years of falsehood?

Philip soothed her grief, but knowing that in respect to sincerity all have come short, more or less, endeavored to turn her emotion to good account, and fortified and encouraged her resolution henceforth to be courageously and uncompromisingly truthful. Filled with this purpose, Annie rose the next day. She felt like a knight-errant, buckling on his armor for his first combat. In the hall she found Grace, an orphan cousin, dependant upon Mr. Gray for support, and a victim to that terrible disease—curvature of the spine. Pain she was enured to, and bore uncomplainingly; yet her misfortune, and helpless, dependant state, made her at times—who can wonder?—despondent and petulant. From her loving little Annie, she always received tender regard and sympathy. But Grace had upon her mind the remembrance of a hasty word spoken the day before to Annie, when suffering in both mind and body. She longed to make some acknowledgment, and began her attempt—for she was shy in speaking of herself—with a little preparatory speech, about "feeling out of sorts in the early morning." Instead of the expected caress and loving word, Annie drew herself up stiffly, and said—

"Yes, Grace, I've been pained to observe your increasing irritability, and that, as you say, you are more apt to give way to it in the morning;" then followed a lecture on the duty of cheerfulness—a sullen face was a poor return for all the kindness she received. The little preacher waxed eloquent, and went on her way, glowing with the satisfaction of duty done. Grace, poor Grace, returned to her room with crimson cheek and quivering lip; she had received not a stone for bread, but a scorpion.

At the table, Nellie said, with innocent pride, "Now you must all praise the coffee. I made it, and mamma says I shall pour it for you. Papa, be pleased to accept the first attempt of respectfully, your daughter, Eleanor Gray."

Of course, Mr. Gray's cup was pronounced delicious, and every one said the same. Annie, although it was really nice, would not praise it, neither would her new resolution allow silence on her part.

"The cream is flaky, Nell, and my cup is too sweet, and there is—yes, there decidedly is a bitter taste. I think, Nellie, you need practice to make really good coffee."

Phil, thinking such bluntness must require great effort, nodded encouragingly; but fairly launched on her new course, Annie needed no encouragement; she found candor pleasant, novel, and exciting.

Annie had always upheld her father as a model of manly beauty; her artless flattery had amused and pleased Mr. Gray; he thought it was beautiful to see how her loving heart invested all it valued with grace and comeliness. As he prepared for his daily trip to the city, he said, carelessly—

"Well, Keren, is my new hat becoming? Aren't you proud to belong to so handsome a man?"

"I'm always proud of you, papa," said Annie, with intense gravity. "I suppose you are rather stout to be called really handsome, and a large nose and reddish whiskers are not usually considered beautiful (how often had Annie stoutly maintained that her father's whiskers were of a lovely chestnut shade, utterly guiltless of any reddish tinge). You have acquired, too," she continued, "an ungraceful gait, which hurts your appearance in the street."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. G——, with a grimace, "the wind has changed. Who's cut me out, little one? Well, well; I know when I am appreciated. Good-by all."

"Keren seems in a very critical mood," said Nellie. "I'm afraid it's one of her 'all wrong days.'"

"No," cried Annie, passionately, "I'm determined it shall be all right;" and then she eagerly avowed her new purpose, begging the others to join her in reformation; more than hinting terrible sin on their part, against her new deity, the shining, immaculate goddess of Truth.

"Really," said Nellie, with some heat, "one would think you might at least exclude mamma from your sweeping denunciation. I'm glad you're

going to be truthful, if you have really been so bad; but, if I remember rightly, there are other virtues to be cultivated besides your new pet. Regard for parents is, I think, alluded to in the Bible."

Even mamma cautioned Annie against extreme measures.

"Here comes 'the prattler,' as Phil calls her," cried Grace, a little later, hastily making her escape from the room.

"Oh, dear! and mamma so busy," said Nellie, following her cousin. In a moment, she returned, and said—"Mamma says she cannot leave Grace's new gown to entertain Miss Pratt. I'm going to the post-office, so you must play the agreeable, and make up for our absence. Mamma says she would see almost any one else;" and Nellie darted from the room, as the unwelcome visitor entered.

The person so avoided was a genuine busy-body and mischief-maker. Not that she was malicious; on the contrary, she was kind-hearted and generous; but, living alone, having few natural ties remaining, she spent the time which hung heavily upon her hands, in gathering and retailing all the petty village gossip.

Poor Annie, to whom she was especially disagreeable, received her with a smile, which was far from expressing the sentiments of her heart. After getting her comfortably seated, she remembered, penitently, that she had transgressed in act, if not word. How could she atone for her too warm welcome? She was not quite prepared to make a clean breast of it, and confess to Miss Pratt just the feelings with which she regarded her; but torture should not draw her into another departure from the path of uncompromising rectitude she had laid out for herself.

"Where is your mamma?" inquired the visitor.

"She's busy, ma'am!" bawled Annie; for among other attractions, Miss Pratt numbered deafness.

"What's the mighty business that's so important as to make her not at home to old friends?" persisted Miss P——.

"She's only trimming a gown for Grace," cried Annie; "she said she would leave it for most people, but"—with some desperation, and a vague hope of making matters better—"you come so often, you know."

Miss Pratt sniffed, disdainfully; but such a little slight should not disturb an old friendship; so, resuming her amiable and patronising air, she said—

"Sewing for Grace, eh? How much she does for that girl. I hope your cousin appreciates all the kindness she receives. I suppose, now, you love her like a sister—though I always thought she had a fretful expression."

Annie turned red—she felt some just indignation at the impertinent remark. A day sooner she would have burst into a generous panegyric on her cousin's excellencies—and she might truly praise her very highly.

Now she said, in a loud, though distressed tone, "I'm afraid Grace doesn't feel the gratitude she ought. She is fretful and sullen; but she has a great deal to try her, you know."

"Well, now, dear! I always said she was an ungrateful hussy; and when Dr. Blake's wife said you all loved her so, I knew it was only because of your own generous goodness. I never was mistaken in such thin lips and sullen brow."

The conversation having taken an unpleasant turn, Annie introduced the weather, as a safe topic, at least.

"Yes," was the response, "lovely; just like the weather we had the week Hattie Drew ran off. By the by, did you ever hear the rights of that case, Annie?"

Here was another dilemma. "The rights of the case" was precisely what Annie knew and felt she ought to conceal. She answered, hoping to succeed in doing so, such was her innocence,

"Yes, ma'am; but I'd rather not repeat it. It is particularly desirable that the affair should blow over, papa says."

"But, my dear, your papa never meant you should not tell me. It's the same as telling no one. I'm as mum as a mouse about secrets. I really think you ought to tell me, I'm so much older; besides, Hattie's father's first wife's cousin was second cousin to my husband's step-brother's wife; so there's relationship, you see."

Annie was no logician. Miss Pratt was, as she said, older; and in the little fanatic's present frame of mind, concealment was disgrace. So the silly little fly walked into the spider's web, and woke the echoes, relating the wretched story which ought to have been buried in oblivion. How Hattie's father was "close," and her mother high-tempered, and both opposed to her engagement, refusing any bridal outfit, and making her home unhappy. How, if she had done wrong in eloping from such a home, the poor girl had bitterly expiated her fault, having married a man idle and dissolute.

"Now, Miss Pratt, you will not repeat one word of this?" said the perplexed devotee.

"Repeat it? Of course not, my dear," replied the gossip, impatient to be gone, that she might make the most of this delightful tit-bit.

She remained, however, and asked, carelessly, what had taken Annie by her door so often of late?

"Oh, that's another secret," said Annie. "We're getting up a school, and after collecting enough pupils, are going to ask Miss French to take the superintendence. She needs help, you know, but is so sensitive, I doubt if she would consent to let the matter go on, if she knew of it before all was completed. As yet, we have only secured three scholars. People upon your road," said Annie, innocently, "seem to think her father's failure was dishonorable; but we are confident of success in her own neighborhood, if we can only keep the affair from her knowledge."

"Well, my dear, you are always doing good. I wish we had a few more such good Samaritans," said the injudicious woman.

The pastor of the church attended by the Grays and Miss Pratt, was a man of fervent piety, but very inferior intellect. The Grays had always been careful to assist him in all good works, and avoid any criticisms which might interfere with his success.

"What a lovely sermon we had Sunday. Didn't your father think so?" asked Miss Pratt.

"No," cried Annie, stoutly; "he said it displayed surprising ignorance of all commentary. He never knew even our Mr. Hammond so far astray, to so entirely misconceive the meaning of the text. He said, too, it was a very ambitious attempt at a style our minister can never attain."

"Well, now, really! I tho't 'twas uncommon good; but your father knows best. But I must go. Oh, by the way, Cousin Jane's Fanny is coming to visit me to-morrow. Why can't you come in to tea? You would enjoy it, I know."

"No, I shouldn't," faltered Annie; "it would be very tedious. I think Fanny the most tiresome person I know, except—" desperately, "yourself; but, as you've been very kind to us, I will come without fail."

"No, you won't! no, you won't, Miss Gray!" cried the fairly exasperated woman. "You need never step foot over my threshold; and, but for my respect for your parents, I'd never darken this house again!" and, hurt and angry, she swept from the room.

Poor Annie's enthusiasm was fast oozing away. She had done great violence to her gentle nature, suffered almost the pangs of martyrdom already, for her new deity. Surely, such devotion would bring its reward. "Great is the truth; it will prevail," she whispered, cheering herself with every like promise she could bring to mind.

Sickening doubts haunted her. What if her goddess should not interfere? What if her new course proved a snare, and she should be derided, despised, hated? Every reformation has its victims—her name might really be added to the glorious roll of the martyrs. At any rate, she must wait and endure. She resolutely put aside all doubts as to the wisdom of her resolution; that, at least, was clear and decided. Certainly, her sacrifices did not bring their reward with them.

Somehow, Annie was not in favor with any one that day; but this she accepted as less punishment than her past transgressions deserved.

Nellie ran to bring her sister a book she wanted, as she sat looking sad and tired; but her little attention won no smile or kind word.

Mrs. Gray was particular in the observance of the small, sweet courtesies of life at home, and such observance seemed natural to her children. She glanced up reprovingly.

"Are you too ill, Annie, to thank your sister for attention?"

"I don't say 'thank you' to her, mamma, because I don't really, in my heart, thank her. It was no more than one sister owes another—what I should have done as readily for her."

Nellie looked hurt. "I think it would be a good time," she said, mischievously, "to discover the secret Annie has paraded before our eyes with such ostentation of late. If you ask her, mamma, she will have to confess;" but mamma had been called away.

The same idea, however, occurred to Phil at the tea-table, and in thoughtless fun, he blantly demanded the solving of the mystery.

Annie looked distressed, and Grace indignantly alarmed.

"Grace and I," said Annie, hurriedly, "have been copying for Mr. Bryant. We hoped to earn enough money to give papa that encyclopedia he would not indulge himself in getting. We've been saving our pin-money for months, and hoped to surprise him on his birthday; but now you've spoiled—it—all. Oh, Phil!" and the ever-ready tears flowed fast.

Phil was truly penitent; Mr. Gray was visibly moved.

"Poor baby!" he said, caressingly, "you mustn't spend so much on me. Why, I'm a perfect Croesus. Copying, too! The love of my niece and little daughter is better than ten thousand encyclopedias. I think it's a good thing Phil was so naughty, for I have all the pleasure of the loving device and not the pain of robbing two generous girls of their hard-earned savings."

If "the way of transgressors is hard," Annie found the way of a reformer not a path of roses. Her troubles had but begun, however. The "prattler," as Phil had irreverently styled her, was by no means slow or scrupulous in spreading all the items she had gained from Annie.

Mr. Hammond, their good pastor was deeply hurt; and, although his friendship with the Grays remained unbroken, the injudiciously repeated criticism lost him several parishoners, who had before been well satisfied. Of course, the new school plans had to be abandoned, and Miss French had the mortification of knowing that such an effort in her behalf had failed. And, what was much harder to bear, that unjust aspersions had been cast upon the character of her dearly loved and honored father, whom she had lately buried. Poor Hattie Drew's story was spread far and wide. Many unkind insinuations regarding Grace, too, were whispered from mouth to mouth. You may be sure, too, that Annie herself did not escape unscathed. She perceived a coldness towards herself in many places where her welcome had hitherto been cordial. She could not complain when she saw herself excluded from all family confidences, as an unsafe repository of private affairs.

A long and weary time passed before the effects of her unwise zeal passed away. She had sinned in haste, and now had leisure for repentance. The

lesson was very bitter, and caused her many wretched days and nights of misery.

Experience is our best teacher, however, and perhaps in no other way would this headstrong girl have learned that justice, charity, reverence, patience, unselfishness and prudence, are as im-

portant virtues as truth. That concealment is not always deception, and that candor does not necessitate the revealing of secrets.

Wasn't her story tragic? Didn't she ride her "hobby" to death?

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPT.

A PLAIN PUDDING.—If any housekeeper desires a plain pudding for dinner, and yet dislikes to keep up the hot fire necessary to **BAKE** it, let her try this receipt.

Fill a two-quart pudding-dish a third full with crusts or slices of bread, in the morning. Pour over the same one quart and a half of milk. Let it soak until almost noon, then beat three eggs with sugar, and spice to suit the taste, and pour the eggs into the pudding, adding a small piece of butter. Pour it into a kettle, and set it over the blaze, giving it a stir now and then, to keep it from burning, and if you have a brisk fire, in ten or fifteen minutes, the pudding will be cooked for the table. It can also be made upon very short notice, by taking *soft* bread and crumbling it, and preparing it for cooking as above.

ALMOND DROPS ON MACAROONS.—Quarter of a pound of sweet almonds and the same quantity of butter, half pound lump sugar. Beat the almonds in a mortar, with a little water to keep them from oiling; the whites of eggs beaten to a froth. The whole of the ingredients must be well beaten. Drop them about the size of a walnut on paper, and sift sugar over them. They must be baked in a very slow oven. Ocoea nut instead of almonds, is very nice.

LEMON SPONGE.—Simmer in half a pint of water, half ounce of isinglass, the rind of one lemon, and loaf sugar according to taste, for about half an hour, stirring one way all the time; but it should not boil. Then, strain it through a piece of muslin, and let it stand for a few minutes, adding the juice of one lemon; after which whisk it, without stopping at all, till it is quite a thick and almost solid froth; rinse the mould with cold water, and be particular to put the sponge in before it is all congealed.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Two pounds of apples, pared and cored; slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one, finely grated; boil all together until it

becomes thick, which it will do in about two hours; turn it into a mould; serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

ORANGE JELLY.—Grate the rind of two China oranges, two Seville ditto, and two lemons; the rind to be put into the juice; boil one pound of fine sugar and a pint of water—to be boiled to a syrup; put into a bowl, and when cold, add the juice to it. Boil two and a half ounces of isinglass in one pint of water; when it is all melted, stir till nearly cold; then add syrup and juice. Strain through a jelly-bag.

CARROT JAM.—Choose deep-colored carrots, and boil them until quite tender; rub them through a colander, then through a sieve; to one pound of pulp, add one pound of white sugar; boil the sugar and carrots together until they are the consistence of jam, and when nearly cold, add the juice of two lemons, and the rinds grated very fine.

A GOOD FOWL CURRY.—Put a bit of butter about the size of a hen's egg into a pan with a cover; when melted, slice and half-brown some onion in it. Add a spoonful of curry powder and a bit of ginger beaten to a pulp; also, a few capsicums, which should be mixed up in a cup of water. Cover the pan close for about ten minutes; then brown the whole till the butter begins to appear, but do not let it burn. Add the fowl; mix the whole well while on the fire; then put in as much water as will be enough to dissolve the fowl, with a cup of milk or butter-milk. Cover close, and cook on a slow fire. The fowl should be cut up into small pieces, as for stew, &c.

APPLE OR QUINCE JELLY.—Pare, quarter, and core the apples; put them in a saucepan, with enough water to cover them; let them boil five minutes; put them in a bag, and let them drain until the next day. To one pint of juice put one pound of sugar, and boil it from fifteen to twenty minutes. Cranberry jelly may be made in the same way.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A LAY OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

BY E. TRATES REEKE.

"We have had one child: God has taken that. How many have you?"—*Letter from a friend.*

Three children! One in heaven above,
And two on earth reside;
Words may not speak my agony,
The day my first-born died.

My heart was sad and desolate—
No sunshine cheered my spring;
And I felt that to be childless,
Was a bitter, bitter thing.

Not a murmuring word was spoken,
Yet I sighed at God's decree,
And I thought the sight of childhood,
Were henceforth pain to me.

But a twelvemonth scarce had vanished,
Since I left that grave with sighs,
When again, within my household,
Beamed the light of tender eyes.

I stood rebuked, yet gladdened,
For my days of grief were o'er;
And my heart, responsive, whispered,
"Who taketh, can restore."

And to-day, around my hearth-stone,
Beside her mother's knee,
Gayly laughs my gentle Florence,
Who has passed thro' summers three.

Now, she calls aloud to brother,
Who can yet make no reply;
Tho' I fancy mischief's turling
In the twinkling of his eye.

Seven moons have just departed,
Since with heart o'erwhelmed with joy,
We found another blessing,
In a bright-eyed, cherub boy.

A noble fellow is he,
With a brow as fair as pearl,
And I know not which I prize the more,
My youngest, or my girl.

But whene'er returned at twilight,
From care and labor free,
I know 'tis luxury to mark
Their pranks of childish glee.

Yet sometimes I am sadden'd,
When I live past memories o'er;
And I blush to think I doubted,
"Who taketh, can restore."

A CHILD OF EARTH.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

His hands with earthly work are done,
His feet are done with roving;
We bring him now to thee, and ask,
The loved to take the loving.

Part back thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

(68)

Thy cheerful birds, thy liberal flowers,
Thy woods and waters only
Gave him their sweet companionship
And made his hours less lonely.

Though friendship never blessed his way,
And love denied her blisses,
No flower concealed her face from him,
No wind withheld her kisses.

Not man hath sighed, nor woman wept
To go their ways without him;
So, lying here, he still will have
His truest friends about him,

Then part thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom!

New York Independent.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Up through the wood-paths, with bird-songs about her
May has come softly, the beautiful child!
Skies that were sullen and joyless without her,
Broke into sunshine above her, and smiled.

Green on the uplands the wheat-fields are springing
Cowslips are shining, and daisies are white;
Through the still meadows the waters are singing
Brimming with melody, flashing with light.

Blooming with clover the orchards are growing,
Flecked by the shadows that tremble and glide;
Round their gray trunks, when the west wind is blow-
ing,

Sways the young grass in a billowy tide.

Strong as the arms of a giant, yet tender,
See what a treasure they lift to the sky!
Take your red roses—afame with their splendor—
We love the apple-trees—Robin and I.

Hark! how the oriole, flashing and glowing,
Trills his clear whistle, so mellow and mild,
Where, o'er their tops, with a lavish bestowing,
Drift upon drift, the sweet blossoms are piled.

Where is the lip that has worthily sung them—
Tinted like sea-shells, or whiter than snow?
Bees, all the day, as they linger among them,
Drowsy with nectar, are murmuring low.

Pillowed beneath them, I dream as I listen
How the long summer above them shall shine,
Till on the boughs the ripe fruitage shall glisten,
Tawny and golden, or redder than wine.

In the bright days of the mellow September,
How we shall shout as we gather them in—
Hoarding their wealth for the chilly December,
Heaping them high in the cellar and bin.

Then, when the snow in the moonlight is gleaming,
Up from the darkness the apples we'll bring,
Praising their sweets, where the firelight is beaming;
Globes of rich nectar, a poet might sing.

Tales of the Vikings our lips will be telling;
Yet, when the Sagas are done, we shall say,
"Here's to the land where the summer is dwelling!
Here's to the apple-tree! monarch of May!"

COMING HOME.

BY ALICE CARY.

O, brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadows' fall
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight?

And, brothers and sisters, older now,
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time,
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done;

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of Paradise
For her children's coming feet.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it;
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herd go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folks sit in the sun
That creeps through the sheltering woodblue,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood—
That has soothed her in many a care—
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

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She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by the gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of Spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her "hair's young gold,"
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together;
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystic road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished Spring-time
Will bloom in the spirits' track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angels hold printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the West
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no telltale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

MY OWN DEAR WAY.

List! if you pray God's will be done.

From rising to the setting sun,

And in your heart

There sounds a part,

Though subtly soft it play,—

"My own dear way;"

You have not tuned to Heaven your soul,

Nor given to God your being whole.

It is no prayer to ask His will,

And wish your own, expect it still.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

A correspondent of the Home Circle, furnishes the following account of an actual experience, which she entitles

HOW I GOT MY SEWING-TABLE.

"Now, Mr. Butterworth, all that I need is a sewing-table."

This to my husband, who stood in the doorway. I had just called him from his study to inspect the details of the little sewing-room which I had been fitting up in our new house. It was four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and I knew that Sunday evening's sermon was yet "in limbo;" therefore, I was not surprised when my husband gave one very abstracted glance at my cosy little sanctum, and, with merely a nod of approval, turned towards the study again. I arrested his steps.

"You have not told me how you like it."

"Oh, very much, my dear!"

"Doesn't it seem to you that there is something lacking here?"

He looked up and down the papered walls, at the little prints hung upon them, at the green shades, and the fern baskets, and the bird-cage in the window, at the cosy little green lounge and the low chairs (once dilapidated cane-seats, now prettily upholstered with green rep), at the hanging shelves, with my own favorite books upon them, and then replied—

"I cannot discover any fault, my dear. Your arrangements defy criticism."

Now, however agreeable it may be to a wife generally to be told that her efforts are complete successes, and "defy criticism," such commendation was not at that moment at all acceptable to me, who had summoned my husband from his study expressly that he should discover a defect, and proceed to remedy the same.

But it was painfully evident to me that the thoughts of that worthy man were still wandering in the direction of his unfinished discourse, and I felt that, unaided, he would never return to the consideration of such a trivial subject as the wants of my little sewing-room; therefore, I remarked as above—

"Now, Mr. Butterworth, all that I need is a sewing-table."

"And you shall have one, dear," was the very gracious response, accompanied by the very ungracious action of turning his back upon me, and retreating hastily to his study.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, as I sat down on the floor in a kind of despair, "what a goose I was to introduce the subject on Saturday afternoon. Why didn't I wait until Sunday was over, and his thoughts were less occupied with other things? (As if such a time ever came to a clergyman!) Who would be a minister's wife? One's husband buried from morning till night among books and papers, keeping all the meals waiting until cold, while he is chasing some tricky thought from the corners of his brain, and then, when a leisure moment comes, bestowing it upon stupid strangers to the neglect of wife and children. Other women, whatever may be their trials, have at least the comfort of knowing when they may expect to enjoy the companionship of their husbands. Such seasons may

be short, but they are at least certain. But here is Mr. Butterworth, within sound of my voice from morning till night, and yet always so unapproachable. I know I never shall get a sewing-table. He will not think of the matter again, and I'm sure I never should be able to decide upon such an article without him. I shall have to get along without it.

The daily paper chanced to lay on the floor beside me, and, picking it up, I began to glance idly over the advertising columns. The notice of "A Sale of Household Furniture" attracted my attention.

Now, if I have a pet passion, it is a love of attending auction sales. I read in an English paper the other day, that most all women have this same weakness, and that the great secret of it is their love of "bargains." This is not the motive influencing me, however. I never bought anything in such places (except in one notable instance); I never, except upon that one occasion, could find the courage to bid, even if things were sold which I thought desirable. But I like to gratify my curiosity as to how other people live; to wander about from room to room, and criticize other persons' taste in household arrangements, thereby to glean something which shall be valuable to me in my own experience. Then, I like to see the people who convene at such places—the dirty, second-hand dealers, grimy, sharp-featured, and shrewd—the bustling housekeeper, looking out for "bargains," and the lazy, indifferent curiosity-seeker like myself. So, of course, when I learned from the *Leader* that the sale was to take place in our own street, and but a few doors from the next corner, I promised myself the pleasure of an attendance.

Accordingly, as I made my usual journey to the market on the following Wednesday morning, I stopped in at the house designated by the advertisement. The auction had already commenced. Most of the people were gathered about the auctioneer, who was busy selling kitchen utensils. So I made a leisurely tour of inspection through the premises, finding nothing of especial interest until I entered what appeared to have been a family sitting-room; and here I was attracted by the very article which I had coveted for my own use—a dear little sewing-table.

No sooner had I discovered it, than I determined to purchase, if it came within my means. So I hurried down to the market, made my purchases for dinner, and returned to find the auctioneer already mounted on a chair in the room which held my treasure. I was at first nervously apprehensive lest it should already have been sold; but, edging my way inside the door, I at last discovered it where I had left it, with no one apparently claiming possession. Presently, it was offered for sale.

Mr. Butterworth had given me, in the morning, ten dollars for the week's marketing. Of this, I had already spent two and a half, so that there now remained in my purse seven dollars and fifty cents. I felt that my means were sufficient, as the table should not cost more than five dollars, a new one being easily procurable for eight or nine.

The bidding was quite spirited at first, which I perceived with some exultation, as evincing that others besides myself thought the table a desirable possession.

nion. At length, five dollars was reached, and I was the bidder. At this time there seemed to be only one person opposed to me, and this I found was a man, as the auctioneer, nodding to an opposite corner of the room, inquired—"Will the gentleman say five and a quarter?" to which the gentleman must have assented, since the bid went on at five and a quarter. Then the auctioneer looked again at me, as much as to say, "Five and a half, ma'am?" I assented, and was immediately taken up by my unknown opponent, at five seventy-five. I was beginning to get annoyed and vexed now, at what seemed to me to be a great impertinence upon the part of the gentleman; and persons standing by were becoming apparently very much interested in the proceeding. I knew the exact contents of my purse, and determined to reach the bottom of it, rather than give up the point after having proceeded thus far. The shrewd auctioneer saw his opportunity in my flushed face, and insinuatingly improved it. "The lady bids six dollars, will the gentleman say six twenty-five?" "Will the lady say six fifty?" and so on, until seven dollars was reached. It was with no little trepidation I made this last bid, and felt that it must be final. I listened, with the greatest anxiety, to hear the result.

"Going at seven, going at seven—fine sewing-table; going at seven. Will the gentleman bid any more? No more? Then the lady secures the fine sewing-table! Going! going! gone! Your name, madam, if you please."

I felt quite ashamed and annoyed at the publicity I had gained in this encounter, especially when, as soon as the excitement was over, it flashed upon me that I had cheated myself in the purchase, and paid nearly as much again for the table as it was really worth. I thought my mortification would be complete if my name were known; so I looked around hastily, to assure myself that there was no one present with whom I was acquainted, and then said, in a low voice, "Mrs. Smith." So the table was charged to "Mrs. Smith," and I breathed more freely. Paying the seven dollars, and securing a receipt, I hastened out as quickly as possible. I stood on the pavement, bargaining with a porter to carry my table home for the remaining fifty cents, which my purse contained, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning about stood face to face with—Mr. Butterworth. "Why, my dear," said I, "how did you come here?"

"Oh, I was passing by about an hour ago, and just thought I would stop in and see if there might be anything selling which would be useful to us. There was a little work-table which I quite set my heart upon for your cosy sewing-room and though I was almost suffocated in the crowd, I determined to remain for your sake, and purchase it. I did make several bids, beyond, in fact, what I really considered its value; but there was an obstinate woman in the crowd, who seemed merely from a spirit of opposition, to be determined to secure it. Her name was Smith, and she exhibited a persistency, which you, with all your obstinacy, could hardly have equalled, my dear. I had to give it up at last. But what is the matter?" he continued, watching my changing countenance—"are you really so much disappointed that I didn't secure it? Shall I go and search out this disagreeable Mrs. Smith, and make her deliver up her ill-gotten possessions?"

I felt I might as well own up at once. "It was me," I said, very faintly. Mr. Butterworth comprehended the whole matter immediately. After completing the bargain with the porter, he drew my arm within his, and we walked home in silence. You may well imagine my mortification. I couldn't tell

my husband's feelings, and I did not dare to lift my eyes to read his face. When we stood once again within the hall door, he burst into a long and hearty laugh—

"It's all my fault, Becky," he said. "I might have known it was you. I ought to suffer a little in my pocket if, after all these years, I have not learned that my wife, for obstinate persistency, is not to be beaten by any woman in this universe."

Editorial "Home Circle."

DEAR FRIEND:—Months have passed since I last addressed you. During this time, I have read your department of the magazine with increased pleasure and profit. I send you something which, if it pleases you, I would be gratified to see in your department. It seems to me that my work is closely allied to your own; and to my personal knowledge, your magazine is a general favorite among teachers; indeed, it seems to be an educational as well as a "Home Magazine." If thought worthy, my simple rhyme may speak to some hearts. I have called it

THE TEACHER'S LITTLE ONES.

The little ones gather about me,
At morning, at noon, and at night,
With their sunny eyes, merrily dancing,
Their hearts brimming o'er with delight,

They come, and their little soft fingers
They twine 'mid the waves of my hair—
And I call them my little earth-angels,
Sent to lighten my heart of its care.

There's Edie, the pet and the darling,
With little round Germany face;
Her station is ever beside me,
And children have named it "her place."

And timid, tender-eyed Marion,
Whose longing eyes beam from afar;
'Till I draw her tenderly to me,
And call her my own little star.

There is my dusky-browed Nannie—
The outermost one in the ring—
I call her my little wood brownie,
Her cheeks are like roses of spring.

Sometimes I think *thou* art the dearest,
My violet, quaint Genevieve—
For never a lovelier blossom,
Nestled down amid its green leaves.

But they all are my heart's precious treasures,
Their tender souls ope into mine,
Which receives their pure, warm affections,
Like vintage, o'erflowing with wine. BURLAN.

YOUNG WIVES.

A few excellent words to those just married, we copy from one of the late English magazines:

"It seems to us that when a woman who has been married for love fails to make her home attractive, it is much more frequently she who is to blame rather than her husband. For, at least, there is love to begin with, and that is a great item towards the possibility of permanent, comfortable housekeeping. There comes a time, however, it seems to us—we desire not to dogmatize, but simply to state matters of observation—when a wife runs great risk of degenerating into a simple housekeeper, possibly a nurse and housekeeper. A woman who marries a man of intellectual pursuits does, we acknowledge,

run this risk more than one whose husband is in business of a purely material kind. The husband's intellectual development necessarily goes on; the wife's appears to stagnate, either from want of power in herself or from a want of effort on her part. If the first be the reason, we can but pity the woman who is so unequally matched, and console ourselves with the adage about marriages being made in heaven, though it is difficult to see how such interference could have produced so lamentable a conclusion. For the husband, too, we think there is great pity due; but this is precisely the case in which the world 'does not seem to see it.'

"In the second circumstances, which occur more frequently than people are apt to imagine, the wife, we conceive, is totally to blame. It is not difficult, in the first days of the new household, for a wife to cultivate an interest in her husband's pursuits. When once commenced, this interest and participation can be easily continued. We are sure that much of the apparent neglect of home by intellectual men, arises from the fact that there they can look for no appreciation; and we are equally certain that, if to the normal attractions of the fireside were added the sensible sympathy of the home circle, no woman, the wife of an intellectual man, would have reasonable cause to complain of neglect. But, we consider it weak and unreasonable that women should expect all the sympathy and support to be given to them, and none to be required from them in return.

The prudent Cecil writes thus to his son:—

"It is in the choyse of a wife, as in a project of warre, wherein to erre but once, is to be undone for ever; make not choyse of a foole, for it shall irke thee so oft as you shall hear her talke, and you shal continually find to your sorrow, that feele that crosse, there is nothing so fulsome as a she foole."

"Well has Thackeray in his masterly way depicted in Rosey Mackenzie, the 'pleasing girl' of the ball-room. He has shown how, after marriage, her empty conversation and ignorant selfishness became more wearisome day by day in prosperity; he has shown how utterly unfit she was to be a man's companion in adversity. Many are, indeed, taught like Ethel Newcome by the stern sorrows of life, lessons that they might have learned from a wise training; but how much suffering must they first cause to themselves and others."

HOME HINTS AND HAPPENINGS.

EDITED BY F. H. STAUFFER.

21. It is certain that children take from our conversations in their presence a tinge either for good or evil, without the process being discovered.

22. A man can as well weave a web of sunshine for himself at home, as anywhere; but, like the spider, he must carry his loom with him. There are, or should be, no smiles nor eyes brighter, no voices nor memories sweeter, than those at home.

23. He who buys too many superfluities, may be obliged to sell his necessities.

24. "I have heard," once said Sir Walter Scott, "higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exercising the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or when speaking their thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I have heard from cultivated minds, or met with outside of the pages of the Bible."

25. Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes captive, and asked him what he would give to save her from

servitude. "I will give my life," replied Tigranes. Cyrus, upon this, very generously restored her to him. All were full of the praises of Cyrus upon this occasion; some commended the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife whether she did not greatly admire Cyrus. "I never looked at him," replied she. "Not look at him!" returned he. "Upon whom, then, did you look?" "Upon him," replied she, "who offered his life to redeem me from slavery!" An incident so full of meaning would but be weakened by any comment that we might make.

26. There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust, which searches for extraneous support, is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex. Man may at once determine his position and assert his place. Woman may have to seek for hers, and struggle for its possession. The dependence of women in many of the affairs of life is, perhaps, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need be, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence, with credit if not with comfort. The yearnings of her spirit, the out-gushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depth of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and hurry of existence, with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

27. We are generally curious to know the life of a neighbor, but slow to condemn and correct our own life.

28. The artist, Sir Peter Lely, made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. The same rule should be applied to bad books and bad company.

29. Parents need not be in a hurry to see their children's talents develop. Their best policy is to watch and wait; wait, and let good example and quiet training do their work. Give the child a good stock of physical health; set the boy fairly on the road of self-culture, and, as he grows older, if there be the right stuff in him, the man will cultivate himself.

30. The happiness of home life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful railery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

WHAT NOT.

IGNORANCES IN SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.—The following are said to have been perpetrated by under-graduates of divinity schools, who were being examined in the historical portions of the Bible. If the mistakes never actually occurred, as seems hardly possible, they are at least ingenious and remarkably funny:—

One student, reciting the history of the Good Samaritan, where he says to the innkeeper, "When I come again I will repay thee," unluckily added, "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more."

Another "candidate for a degree," stated the substance of St. Paul's sermon at Athens to be crying out, for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Another still, when called upon to trace a connection between the Old and New Testaments, referred to the circumstance that Peter, with his sword, cut off the ear of the Prophet Malachi.

But one of the most remarkable errors occurs in the description of the translation of the Prophet Elijah, given as follows:—"And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and said unto Elijah, 'Go up, thou baldhead;' and he went up."

Listen to this account of the death of Jezebel. The examiner, feeling sure of his ground, prefaced the account with the statement, "It is most important to preserve the exact words of the sacred narrative," and proceeded: "And as he passed through the gate of the city, there looked out unto him two persons appointed for that purpose. And he said unto them, 'Throw her down.' So they threw her down. And he said, 'Do it a second time.' And they did it a second time. And he said, 'Do it a third time.' And they did it a third time; and they did it unto seven times; yea, even unto seventy times seven. Last of all, the woman died also. And they took up of the broken fragments that remained seven basketfuls."

ENCOURAGING TO PATRONS.—Lord William Lennox relates the following incident as having occurred at Lord Shaftesbury's examination of a girls' school:—Just as the noble Lord was about to take his leave, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and, among other things, inquired, "Who made your body?" "Please, my Lord," responded the unsophisticated girl, "Betsy Jones made my body, but I made the skirt myself."

A lover has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

Why is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must give it up.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

ENIGMA.

My 1, 6, 7, is a vessel used to carry water in; my 7, 6, 5, is short for a man's name; my 8, 9, is a French pronoun; my 8, 6, 4, 5, is to throw; my 1, 6, 5, is an animal; and my whole is a lady's name.

II.

CHARADE.

My first is a pronoun, nor he, she, nor it;
My second's a boy, if transposed;
My whole is a forerunner (Webster to wit);
Now, clever ones, solve it! I've closed.

III.

CHARADE.

In countries where the snow drifts deep
My first will often lie asleep,
While feathery flakes around it raise
A shelter from the hunter's gaze.

In the hazy forest, wild and drear,
My second soundeth silv'ry clear,
Many a horned band adorning,
That the traveller may have warning.

My whole, though fragile, may be found
On precipice or rocky ground;
Be careful, therefore, lest thou fall
In seeking one who charmeth all.

IV.

RIDDLE.

My whole, transposed, oft bears my whole,
Where Captain Cook was killed—poor soul!

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN DECEMBER NUMBER.—1. Flag-lag. 2. Season. 3. Moore-Romeo. 4. Pointless.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

There has been another effort made this fall and winter to banish crinoline, attended as usual with some degree of success. While we do not advocate the entire abandonment of this article of wearing apparel, still we cannot but feel that anything would be preferable to the "tilting hoop," so called, which has been fashionable in our streets for the past few months. So immodest and ungraceful a fashion could not of course be but short lived, and therefore we are not surprised to see it passing away; the only wonder is that it could have attained even a transient popularity among persons of refinement and taste. The ladies, many of them, seem to be rushing to the other extreme at present, and very many of the most fashionably dressed appear upon the promenade entirely devoid of crinoline. We hope the result of this change will be the universal return to the plain, modest hoop-skirt, large enough to support the clothing and give a graceful outline to the figure, without interfering with the rights of travellers upon the "king's highway," or filling more than its allotted space in omnibuses and street cars.

Walking dresses are now made short, cut off just below the knees, exhibiting either white or colored petticoats beneath. They are generally finished with deep points or scallops at the bottom. This would be an extravagant fashion (as these dresses can only be worn in the street), were it not that it affords a very good opportunity to make over old dresses which are

worn about the bottom. An old silk or poplin can be cut off for nearly a half a yard about the lower edge of the skirt, scalloped and trimmed, worn over a bal-moral or white petticoat, thus making a very serviceable walking dress for some months. When these dresses are worn with small, modest hoops, they are not unbecoming. It remains to be seen whether they will constitute a permanent fashion. One advantage is gained in the fact that it saves the inconvenience and trouble of looping up the long trail usually worn in the house. This looping up, by the way, has been proven to be very injurious to nice fabrics, especially silks, which may serve to account for the change that has been made.

Sacques (loose-fitting) and talmas are worn for outside coverings, the sacques being rather the most in favor. They are variously trimmed with bugles and buttons, the prevailing style seeming to be rather plain, than otherwise.

Bonnets and hats present an endless variety. It were absolutely impossible to decide which are the reigning favorites this season. In hats, however, the "Gladiator," a low, round-crowned "Derby," seems to be most generally liked. These are trimmed with feathers of all descriptions, velvet and bugles. Black velvet bonnets, covered with jet beads, were very fashionable early in the winter. None of the shapes are very becoming, and there will doubtless be an outcry for larger frames before another season is inaugurated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. By J. R. Lowell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These humorous papers, which have appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are already familiar to the American public, and by their homely good sense in dealing with the political questions of the day, have widely commended themselves to all right-thinking people. By far the most interesting portion of the present work, to us, is the introduction, which, for its ingenious defence of the Yankee dialect, common among the rougher classes of New England society, and for its odd scraps of information regarding the English language, constitutes, in itself, a rare gem in American literature.

OUR ARTIST IN PERU. By George W. Carleton. New York: Carleton.

This book consists of a series of sketches similar to those published by the same house a year since, and entitled, "Our Artist in Cuba." Though the present collection does not come with the same freshness and raciness as did the first series, still, it abounds in humor, and will afford a very agreeable hour's entertainment to any one seeking diversion.

WINTER FREED. By E. L. Wakeman. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon.

A book containing a decided preponderance of blank paper over printed matter, the idea of which seems to have been suggested to this young aspirant for literary honors, by Whittier's beautiful idyl of "Snow-Bound." The title at once indicates this fact, and every page bears testimony to the same. This imitation in itself, even were there tokens of genius in the poem, would be sufficient to condemn it; but since it is a feeble imitation at best, commonplace in expression, and halting in versification, we cannot congratulate the author upon the successful issue of his present undertaking. However felicitous he may be in other styles of poetical composition, he certainly has failed in this.

WOMEN OF THE WAR. By Frank Moore. Hartford: S. S. Scranton & Co.

This is a subject of which the people of the United States never will tire. The part which the heroic women of this nation bore in the late Rebellion will never be forgotten, and the story of their good deeds is not the least important part of the history of the great struggle.

To preserve a record of the noble sacrifices of a few of these women has been the task of the author in the work now before us; but though the volume is large, and each individual history very much condensed, still, the author is obliged to confess, when his work is done, that it is scarcely a beginning of what should be said on such a subject as this.

England, during the Crimean war, produced one Florence Nightingale. During the late war, we reckoned such faithful, sacrificing souls, who at home and in the camp, were laboring for our soldiers, by thousands. It were impossible, in the compass of one volume, to begin to give detailed accounts of the services of all of these, and our author, as far as he

was able, has done exceedingly well. Those who were brought most prominently before the public notice while the Rebellion was still in progress, have here a permanent record of their deeds. Among such, we notice Mrs. Harris, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Hoge, of Chicago; and "Mother Byckerdike," who was with the Army of the Cumberland in the fearful battles of Tennessee. Daring spirits, all Major Pauline Cushman, and others, who acted as spies, or, disguised in men's apparel, served in the army, here find honorable mention; but the chief glory is given, as is most justly due, to those true women, who, in camp and hospital, and on the bloody field, labored with unwearying devotion for the brave boys who fought our battles, and brought us victory at last. This book has already attained a wide popularity, and is truly deserving of success.

MILLY; OR, THE HIDDEN CROSS. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. Boston: Loring.

Those young people who have read the delightful story of "Irish Amy," will eagerly welcome this new book from the pen of the favorite authoress, Miss Guernsey. The story is full of interest, containing scenes from every-day school-girl life, told simply and naturally, and inculcating excellent moral and spiritual truth.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Few books have been published, of late years, so replete with genuine good-humor, and yet conveying so much information as this one. Sketches, both of pen and pencil, are most admirable, and a more gossip, entertaining, well-flavored account of customs in Germany we have never seen. There is always a peculiar charm about German social life; and the subject, treated in Mr. Browne's own peculiar felicitous style, could not fail, of course, to make a most attractive book. We commend to all our readers the merry description of a German Christmas, which they will find in this work, and which, as the holiday season approaches, makes one almost sigh for a home in the "Vaterland;" while every child should hear the Christmas story of "The Old Sea-king; or the Wonderful Adventures of Little Mithé," than which a more delightful fairy tale never was invented.

KISSING THE ROD. By Edmund Yates.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH. By Mrs. J. H. Reiddell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These two novels constitute Nos. 277 and 278 of Harpers Select Library. Both are reprints of English works, and are of excellent character.

SUNNY BANK. By Marion Harland. New York: Sheldon & Company.

In purity and simplicity of style, this authoress acknowledges few superiors among the female writers of this country. Her stories have always a freshness about them which is rarely found. Those who read "Alone," from her pen, a story published some years since, will rejoice to find in this new tale of "Sunny Bank," the old familiar characters who figured in the former work. Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) is a

native of Virginia, and writes of familiar scenes when she lays her plot in this State where all her childhood's years were spent. No doubt this book will find large sale, and be eagerly received by the numerous friends of the authoress.

THE SANCTUARY. By George Ward Nichols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a tale of the war, by the author of "The Story of the Great March," published some months since. It is a very spirited account of Southern scenes during the occupation of our army, invested with considerable romance; the whole making a very readable love story.

NEW MUSIC.

From Messrs. G. D. Russell & Co., of 126 Tremont street, Boston, we have the following new music:—"Ring the Bell Softly," composed by E. N. Catlin; "Come into the Templar's Lodge," written and adapted by W. Dexter Smith, Jr., author of "I'm Glad Father's Come;" "Tis Past Midnight! Why Don't he Come?" music by Fred. Clemence; "No Time Like the Old Time," by Oliver W. Holmes, music by Ernest Leslie; "Cross and Crown," a Sacred Song for Contralto or Baritone, music by George Dana; "She is Waiting for us There," Song and Chorus as sung by Buckley's Serenaders.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

I never get a few pages deep in *Vanity Fair* without feeling an instinct to turn back and look at the face of the author; that strong, rugged, honest face of poor Thackeray's, with a little of the sadness haunting the clear eyes, which hung through life about the brave, strong, kind heart. There is no sneer curling those lips, no look of the cynic in that wistful gaze.

And yet that *Vanity Fair* is a terrible book. One cannot help wondering whether the world is better or worse for its having been written.

To say this, too, seems almost a reflection on the broad, genuine heart of the man who wrote it—a heart throbbing with all generous sympathies for humanity, and with a fiery indignation, a long, wrathful bitterness against the shams and selfishness, the mere heartless conventionalisms and shows of life.

What a scathing rebuke and protest against all the old traditions, forms, usages, social respectabilities and hypocries of English high life is to be found on every page of this *Vanity Fair*! What a wonderful analysis of all that is meanest and worst in human nature the book proves itself! What a sharp probe for the faults and weaknesses of manhood, and womanhood that man's glance had! how he saw through the flimsy texture of tinsel, pretence, and respectability in which so many souls wrap their nakedness and deformity and go through life!

Yet who can rise from *Vanity Fair* without an unutterable feeling of sadness and depression? Its influence clings like a brooding mist to one's soul. It is like a bad taste left in the mouth, and though the book is no doubt true to one side of human nature, though the scorn, impatience, disgust with which it holds up social evil of every form, and shakes it out so that all may recognize it at its true worth—though Thackeray brands the brazen forehead with that fiery finger of his genius—though he pulls out from their whited sepulchres the dead men's bones and shows the rottenness and festering corruption beneath, still, as those characters are never the ripest and sweetest which dwell too much upon the evil side of human nature, so one can hardly help thinking that there is something unwholesome and morbid in that marvelous dissection of motive and purpose which is found in *Vanity Fair*.

"Total Depravity" is not the fate of human nature, whatever the creeds may say.

Something of its divine birthright inheres in it still, and the old figure of the ruin with its stately columns

broken, its arches crumbling, yet with something of the old grace and splendor haunting it through all its loss and decay, is at best, the character of fallen humanity.

Certainly here, as in everything else "you will find what you bring eyes for seeing." If you have faith in generosity, in unselfishness, in the sympathy of your kind, you will find your belief largely justified by the facts.

Does not all life's experience prove this true? The people who are the sharpest and bitterest on others, are they usually the noblest and sweetest illustrations of patience, gentleness, charity, themselves?

Take, for instance, the mistress who has no faith in the fidelity and integrity of her servants; who never trusts their hands or their word; who, keeping everything under lock and key, is always on the lookout for subterfuge and crime, she is sure, as a rule, to be more frequently outwitted, circumvented, than another, who puts her domestics upon their honor, and, trusting them, makes the trust "realize itself."

"Would you make men true, believe them." And here drift in, a fitting close, some words of Robinson, that lofty, beautiful, heroic soul, so strained and saddened with the wear and tear of life, whose truth and genius was recognized by the world when it was too late to comfort the long-suffering of the brave heart.

He is speaking of the character of Christ's love and he says:—

"It was a love never foiled by those on whom it had been bestowed. It was a love which faults, desertion, denial, unfaithfulness could not chill, even though they wrung His heart. He had chosen; and He trusted. Even in ordinary manhood, that is a finely tempered heart, one of no ordinary mould, which can say, 'It ever was my way, and shall be still, when I do trust a man to trust him wholly.'

"And yet, there was everything to shake His trust in humanity. The Pharisees called Him Good Master, and were circumventing Him all the while. The people shouted hosannas, and three days afterward were shrieking for His blood. One disciple who had dipped in the same dish and been trusted with His inmost counsels betrayed and deceived Him; another was ashamed of Him; three fell asleep while He was preparing for death—all forsook Him. Yet nothing is more surprising than that unshaken—I had well-nigh said obstinate—trust with which He clung to His hopes of our nature, and believed in the face of demonstration."

V. P. T.

JANUARY.

I think most of us will agree with Ik Marvel, that we "love better to count time from spring to spring; that it seems far more cheerful to reckon the year by blossoms than by blight."

But "the old chroniclers" launch out the year "in a season of frosts;" and so, instead of a chronology of birds and blossoms, we have one of snows and storms. So the world, and we along with it, have drifted down the broad current of another year into the ice-locked harbor of December.

What a blank, cheerless coast this January looks, when we first run upon the banks, bound in ice and snows. One's thoughts run back through a subtle link of associations to another wintry day nearly two centuries and a half ago, and to a small vessel that ran up another shore, bleak then as our January is to-day, no warmer welcome to the brave hearts of those men and women, clustered on the Mayflower; no more promise on those dismal coasts of the fair and glorious land which lay far up the years, than this January bears to us now, of the glory and beauty that lie far up the days!

But all is there, the slow breaking of the "winter's fortresses" under the long spring thaws, the hems of fresh grass spreading green along the fences, the pale arbutus, "touching your heart like a hope of Heaven in a field of graves;" and later, all that wonderful budding and bloom of the spring!

And then follows the summer, with all its splendor and joy, and lavish beauty of life; and this dies away into Autumn, that crown of the year, that ripe glory that perfection which leaves the soul no more to imagine or desire, those autumn, Indian summer days, which always seem to have wandered out of Paradise, and which no year ever forgets to give us.

And this one comes to us like all the others, bound up in ice, laid away in great white napkins of snow; but whatever January may deny us, June lies beyond. We have only to wait for it.

And so, in this chronicle of the seasons, we may all read our lesson. If we wait wisely through the winter of life, the summer, with its light and bloom, lie beyond with no Decembers to end all in darkness and snows again!

With that thought, and all the sweetness and comfort that lie behind it, be also to you, dear reader, with your entering into eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, a "happy New Year!"

V. F. T.

BODY AND SOUL.

True Christian charity must have a rational basis. It will first consider the bodily and external condition of the spiritually destitute, and after getting that into order, present its food and medicine for the soul. Mr. Grindon says, forcibly:—"Every man has experienced the feeling of debility which attends hunger but a little longer unsatisfied than usual, and how swift and lively is the revival of every function of the mind as well as body which follows its proper gratification. The difficulty of awakening the intelligence of a poorly-fed child, compared with that of the well nourished one, is known to every observant teacher in town Sunday-schools. Intellectual productions which are born, not as literature should always and only be, of the soul's going to it as the hart to the water-brooks, but of the howling of the dogs of hunger, betray no less plainly their miserable origin. Thinking, like acting, requires a good substratum of physical nourishment. Genius, though it has sometimes turned to vegetarianism, is rarely found adhering to it; all its greatest works have been achieved on a basis of generous

diet. This is not all. Where the body is debilitated by hunger, the affections also are necessarily dull, and little excitable to anything better than sensuality.

"Any man who has been compelled to undergo the hardships of fasting, whether by poverty, or the exigencies of travel in remote places, knows the gradual inroad of cross-grained views, indolence, and recklessness on an empty stomach. The crowning and deadly evil which comes of insufficient nourishment is, accordingly, the vitiation of man's moral nature; and what a lesson is there in this for the Home Missionaries of Christianity and their patrons! It is no less vain than aggravating, to preach faith and loving-kindness, where father, and mother, and children lie huddled together in the pains and apathy of hunger. To the starving, religion may well appear folly and hypocrisy; nor is it any marvel that it should fail to interest them.

"So long as the Gospel is proffered *without* its proper preface of ministry to man's physical necessities, the poor must not only be expected to decline it, but they are not altogether unjustified in so doing; for God requires no man to take sermons and benedictions as a substitute for the bread which the body needs. Every one knows how unnamable even the best-fed are liable to become, if kept too long waiting for their meals—how inaccessible they are at such times to appeals which *after dinner* meet most gracious response. Is it surprising, then, that religious truth should find more indifference than welcome among the hungry and half-nourished? It is difficult for a famished man to believe that there is a Father in Heaven till he feels that he has brothers on earth."

COLD FEET.

The following, from *Halt's Journal of Health*, should be read and well considered:—

"No one should travel in winter with tight-fitting shoes; they arrest the circulation: this induces coldness, causing a general feeling of discomfort all over the body, even making the mind fretful and irritable. A woollen stocking will alone keep the feet warmer than the same stockings and a pair of tight boots besides. If a person has a good circulation, the feet will get warm of themselves if the tight boots are removed. No one can go to bed with cold feet without doing themselves a positive injury; and it is always best in winter-time, even if the feet do not feel cold, at bed-time, to draw off the stockings and hold the feet to the fire or stove, rubbing them meanwhile with the hand, until they are perfectly dry and comfortably warm in every part; it is a pleasant operation of itself, and ought not to be dispensed with for a single night from October to May; it is one of the best anodynes; it allows a person to fall asleep in five minutes, who, with cold feet, would have remained awake for half an hour or more, and even then the sleep will be unrefreshing and dreamy.

"The feet are so far from the centre of the system, that the circulation in them is easily checked, and then disease begins; hence, it is of great importance that persons in going to their place of business, with the expectation of remaining in several hours, should pull off their tight-fitting boots and put on a pair of easy-fitting slippers or shoes; and they will find that on putting on their boots again at night to go home, it is done with considerable difficulty. This is because the feet have swollen during the day, a natural result from the blood and other fluids accumulating in them, partly from their being in a standing position for a considerable portion of the time, and partly

from the unrestrained condition of the foot, the circulation is more free and healthful; but if a tight boot is kept on all day, it becomes more and more compressed every hour, and by night the circulation is almost arrested, the feet are cold, and clammy, and damp, and this soon becomes their constant condition, instead of a few hours towards the close of the day; but this very change to a loose slipper or old shoe, on arriving at the shop, or store, or office, will, in a very short time, be followed by lameness, or stiff joints, or a cold, impregnating the whole system unless the slippers or shoes are first made very warm. Common-sense points out the fact that harm must result from changing a loose, cold shoe for a warm one.

"A fruitful cause of colds is the wearing during the winter, while out of doors, boots or shoes with thinner soles, even if the weather is milder. When a thick-soled shoe is put on in the early part of the winter, it should be used until the first of May, or at least until the winter is broken up. In the effort to keep the feet warm the experience of one man is no safe guide to another. Some keep their feet warm during the coldest weather by wearing cotton stockings; others are more successful by wearing woolen hose. The only rational plan is for each one to experiment on himself, and observe the result closely. Others again succeed best by wearing two pairs of hose at the same time, one of woolen, the other of cotton; these differences arise from the fact that the circulation of some is more vigorous than that of others; some are on their feet all the time; others sit almost all day.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We call special attention to our Sewing Machine Premium, on second page of cover. The terms on which we make the offer, are so liberal and easy, that almost any one may, by a little effort, and the addition of an almost nominal sum beyond the amount received for subscriptions to *Home Magazine*, secure a machine.

Through the means we offer, poor women who are unable to buy Sewing Machines, may be helped by their neighbors who are better off, in a pleasant and easy way. Let a subscription for *Home Magazine* be started, and if the full number of subscribers to secure the machine for nothing cannot be obtained, then make up the small sum of \$5, \$10, or \$20, that may still be required, and get a Sewing Machine worth \$50—the cash price of the manufacturers. See full statement of Sewing Machine terms.

The machine offered is the Wilcox & Gibbs, No. 2 as described in their circular, furnished with hemmer, feller, and tucker. The machines of this manufacture are fast gaining favor with the ladies on account of their simplicity, noiselessness, and ease of management.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1867.

In beginning a new year, we need only say, that the *Home Magazine* will be conducted as heretofore. It is gratifying to know, that the class of readers it is particularly designed to interest, is steadily on the increase. They are among the most intelligent, thoughtful, and earnest of our people. Men and women with purposes in life, and lovers of the true and the beautiful. To these we shall bring our monthly offerings of things pleasant and profitable; and of things amusing and instructive. And we hope to make their homes brighter by these visits, for twelve successive months.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

The way in which our magazine for the "little ones" has been received, is most encouraging and gratifying. We promised something very handsome and good, and it is conceded on all sides that we have kept our promise. Subscriptions and letters of approval are flowing in from all parts of the country, and everything looks fair for a very large circulation.

GLUTTONY AND DRUNKENNESS.

"The intellects which lie shrunk in sluggishness through over-feeding the stomach," says an eloquent writer, "are incomparably more numerous than those which are slow and stupid by nature. The authors themselves of their own condition, the cross and imbecile through over-feeding do not belong to society proper; they are not human, yet neither are they brutes, for no brute is intemperate; no longer men, gluttons and drunkards form an outside class by themselves, the nobleness of their nature to be estimated, as in all other cases, by the quality and end of their delights. It is worthy of remark, that nothing is more speedily and certainly destructive also of the beauty of the countenance. Diet and regimen are the best of cosmetics; to preserve a fair and bright complexion, the digestive organs need primary attention."

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE A CHILD PLEASURE FOR A WHOLE YEAR? Send the "*Children's Hour*," and twelve times in the year it will make a pleasant visit, giving delight, and keeping your memory green. For a holiday present, it is just the thing.

An old subscriber, in renewing her subscription, and including the "*Children's Hour*," says:—

"The '*Home*' has become one of our most welcome guests. We feel that it has become one of those helps to a higher and better life which we all so much need. I have taken it for twelve years, and have yet to find one thought expressed that the most refined nature could shrink from. The lessons it has ever inculcated must be welcomed with joy by the good and true, whose aspirations are ever upwards. I am pleased with the promise of the '*Children's Hour*,' as I fully expected to be. I was ready to take it upon trust; but, as my boy was too impatient to wait until I could send my yearly subscription, I sent for the first number in advance."

"PAULINE," the new story by the author of "*Watching and Waiting*," commenced in this number, opens with the promise of great interest. It will form a leading attraction of the *Home Magazine* for the coming year.

"I have learned," says the poet Lowell, "that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral, and that even good writing, to please long, must have more than an average amount either of imagination or common sense."

"When we record our angry feelings, let it be in snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

REMOVAL.

The office of the *Home Magazine* has been removed to the large brown stone building of the Bank of the Republic, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street.

WEAVING AND EMBROIDERING.

"It was the custom, in feudal times, for knightly families to send their daughters to the castles of their suzerain lords, to be trained to weave and embroider. The young ladies, on their return home, instructed the more intelligent of their female servants in these arts. Ladies of rank, in all countries, prided themselves upon the number of these attendants, and were in the habit of passing the morning surrounded by their workwomen, singing the *chansons à toile*, as ballads composed for these hours were called. Eustienne Jodelle, a French poet, 1573, addressed a fair lady, whose cunning fingers plied the needle, in words thus translated:—

"I saw thee weave a web with care,
Where at thy touch fresh roses grew,
And marvelled they were formed so fair,
And that thy heart such nature knew,
Alas, how idle my surprise,
Since naught so plain can be:
Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
And in thy breath their perfume lies;
Their grace and beauty all are drawn from thee."

"If needle-work had its poetry, it had also its reckonings. Old account-books bear many entries of heavy payments for working materials used by industrious queens and indefatigable ladies of rank. Good authorities state, that, before the sixth century all silk materials were brought to Europe by the *Seres*, ancestors of the ancient Bokharians, whence it derived its name of *Serica*. In 551, silkworms were introduced by two monks into Constantinople, but the Greeks monopolized the manufacture until 1130, when Roger, King of Sicily, returning from a crusade collected some Greek manufactures, and established them at Palermo, whence the trade was disseminated over Italy. In the thirteenth century, Bruges was the great mart for silk. The stuffs then known were velvet, satin (called samite), and taffets—all of which were stitched with gold or silver thread. The expense of working materials was, therefore, very great, and royal ladies condescended to superintend sewing-schools."

"While overwork," says a medical writer, "is a great evil from which one class of society suffers, another class suffers still more from underwork, or idleness. Better wear out than rust out, if it is done in a good cause; for then some good will be accomplished, and humanity will be the better for it. But the true course is to avoid both extremes and pursue the even tenor of a happy medium. By so doing, a far greater amount of labor can be accomplished, at less expense of health, strength and vitality."

"The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic."

— An illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's poems is announced. There are to be one hundred vignettes, from original drawings by eminent English artists.

Mr. Dodd, of New York, will issue, early in December, a new work by the author of the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*, entitled, "*The Draytons and the Davenantes*."

A new novel, by the author of "*John Halifax*," is announced as nearly ready.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Our FASHION DEPARTMENT has been placed entirely in the hands of MME. DEMOREST, of New York, who is known as the arbiter of Fashion in America. By this arrangement, we give to the lady readers of the *Home Magazine* the actual styles of dress in vogue. A large number of well-described illustrations of fashions will appear in every number. Particular attention will be paid to children's dresses.

Besides our extensive illustrations of costume by Mme. Demorest, we give, in this number, four full pages of patterns, for ornamental needle-work. During 1867, we shall give in each number a great variety of these patterns. Our lady readers are calling for them, and the *Home Magazine* must not be, even in this, behind any of its competitors.

— We add a club for 1867 (14 copies for \$21, and an extra copy to the one who gets it up) which will put the magazine at \$1.50, net, to each member of the club. This reduction will enable many of our friends to make up their clubs easier, and to largely increase their size.

Any club subscriber of the *Home Magazine* who desires Mr. Arthur's new juvenile magazine, "*The Children's Hour*," can have it for \$1.

For \$4.50 we send *Home Magazine* and *Lady's Book*. For \$3 we send *Home Magazine* and *Children's Hour*. For \$4.50 we send *Home Magazine* and *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*.

For premiums, we have selected two beautiful companion pictures, entitled "*THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS*," and the "*RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS*." They are very fine.

Postage on the *Home Magazine* is twelve cents a year, paid quarterly in advance at the office where it is received.

What the Press says of the *HOME MAGAZINE*:—

It is one of the standard publications of the times, and keeps pace with other progressive works of the country. It is chaste and pure in its moral tone, and contains good matter for family reading.—*Advocate, Neillsville, Wis.*

Arthur's is one of those pure and chaste magazines, which none need fear to place in the hands of the young. There is a very delightful freshness and simplicity in all its contents.—*Record, Tecumseh, Mich.*

Praise is needless; every reader of it knows this. "To have it once, is to want it again."—*National Banner, Ligonier, Ind.*

The most complete and popular magazine for the home circle, now published in America.—*Journal, Middletown, Ohio.*

Unlike most of the sickly trash of which the ordinary literature of the day is composed, the reading matter in *Arthur's Magazine* is of a high-toned moral character, and parents can have no hesitancy in placing it in the hands of their offspring. No wonder that it is a universal favorite.—*Sentinel, Centralia, Ill.*

No home need be anything but cheery and happy where this magazine is read.—*Pioneer, Presque Isle, Maine.*

At our home it is always welcome. Of its class, we know nothing equal to it.—*Christian Advocate, Portland, Oregon.*

It is not excelled by anything in the way of a Ladies' Magazine.—*Times, Waterville, N. Y.*

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FASHIONS.

Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.



THE EMPRESS WALKING DRESS.

This is a still later and more elegant style of short dress. It is made in purple velvet, trimmed with narrow bands of ermine or swan's-down. The dress is scalloped out wide over a white mohair petticoat, trimmed with a flat (Marie Antoinette) plaiting. It is edged with fur, the plaiting having a heading of jet. The peplum basquine is also bordered with fur, and is particularly graceful in style. It is open on the back, as well as upon the sides. The hat should be noticed as a decided novelty. It turns up over the forehead in the turban style, and has a Fanchon peak at the back, which, instead of falling over the chignon, is lined with satin, and arranged as a comb to surmount it. The hat is of purple velvet, the revers of white satin; white strings and short curled white ostrich plume at the side.



No. 1.



No. 2.—THE "VENITIAN" BOOT.

No. 1.—Little Lamballe of very fine and soft gray felt with a rim of green velvet surrounding it, and over this a narrow festooning of jet, with jet pendants. Small, slender branches of green velvet extend upon the bonnet. Green strings.

No. 2.—This new walking-boot which has already acquired great distinction in the world of fashion, is manufactured of the finest kid, with treble sole and high French heel. It buttons upon the side as far as the bend in the ankle, over which a close-fitting strap and buckle affords both the support and the necessary pliability to a graceful step and entire comfort. It is from the Paris boot emporium of E. A. Brooks, 376 Broadway.

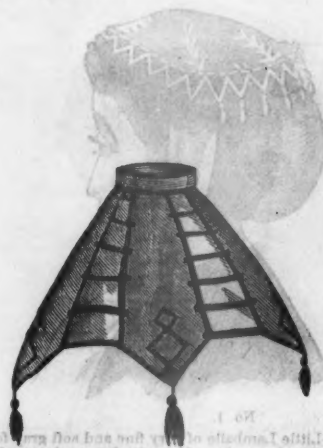


THE "ITALIA" DRESS.

Skirt and short open jacket of granite gray poplin or cashmere, trimmed with bands of poppy-red silk, striped with narrow black velvet, the ends fastened down with small red crocheted buttons. The skirt is ornamented down the sides, round the bottom, and in bands across the front breadth. A belt is attached to the skirt, and a strap unites the two sides of the jacket. The sleeves are trimmed upon the back and at the wrists to match the rest of the dress. A white waist, embroidered and edged with lace, is displayed by the open jacket.



No. 1—THE "ADELAIDE" SLEEVE.



No. 2—NEW PEPLUM FOR EVENING WEAR.

No. 1.—A full sleeve, with a deep plain cuff and cape, ornamented with pendant straps, loops, and buckles at the back as well as upon the front of the sleeve.

No. 2.—This constitutes a very stylish accessory to a simple evening toilet. It is made of bright-colored silk, the sides united by straps of black velvet, fastened at either end with crystal silk buttons over gorges of white muslin.



THE PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

This illustration represents one of the most stylish models of the new short dress—the novelty of the season. The dress and peplum are of the same material—black wool poplin. The sleeves and petticoat are of scarlet or crimson wool. The trimming is black jet braid, put on in bands, and loops upon the edge, which is cut out in battlement, both upon the skirt and skirt. The pendant ornaments in the spaces upon the petticoat are black, edged with narrow fringe.



No. 1.

No. 1.—New Marie Antoinette Catalan of black velvet, edged all round with jet pendant coins and ornamented on the side with a small white and crimson rose in green leaves. Instead of strings, a velvet neck-lace, edged on either side with jet, passes close under the chin, and is finished in front with cluster of roses and leaves.



No. 2.

No. 2.—New Casquette bonnet of purple velvet, with an ornamental aigrette from which a short white plume springs at the side. White moire strings with a purple feather edge. Benolien of beads fastened over the bandeau. The crown of this bonnet indicates the change which is about to take place in the shape of bonnets. It descends lower upon the hair behind, taking in part of it.



No. 1.—POMPADOUR DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

No. 1.—Checked silk or poplin is the proper material for this stylish little dress, which is cut out square in the neck, and ornamented round the neck and also upon the skirt with quilling of the silk, notched out; and heading and straps of velvet in a contrasting color.

No. 2.—Gored (Princesse) dress for a young lady of ten years, made in blue merino or mohair, trimmed with lines of white silk "basket" braid, inclosed in black velvet.



No. 2.—MISSES' GORED DRESS.



GORED PARTY-DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Full gored dress of white grenadine, embroidered with light green silk sprigs, and cut out over a flounce of grenadine, striped green and white. The heading and trimming upon the bodice and jacket is narrow green velvet, mounted upon bands of white silk.



No. 1.—POMPEIAN SLEEVE.

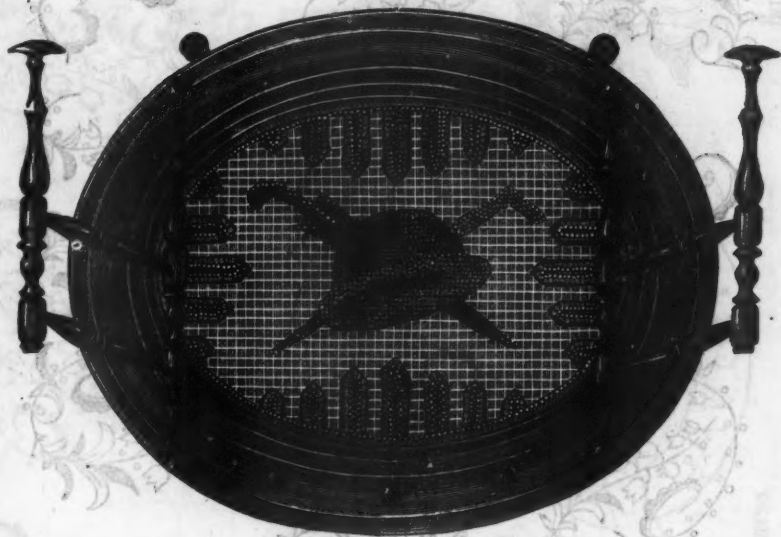


No. 2.—PUFFED SLEEVE.

No. 1.—Plain shaped sleeve, ornamented with velvet, put on in a circular design, from the centre of which is suspended a tassel both at the top and bottom.

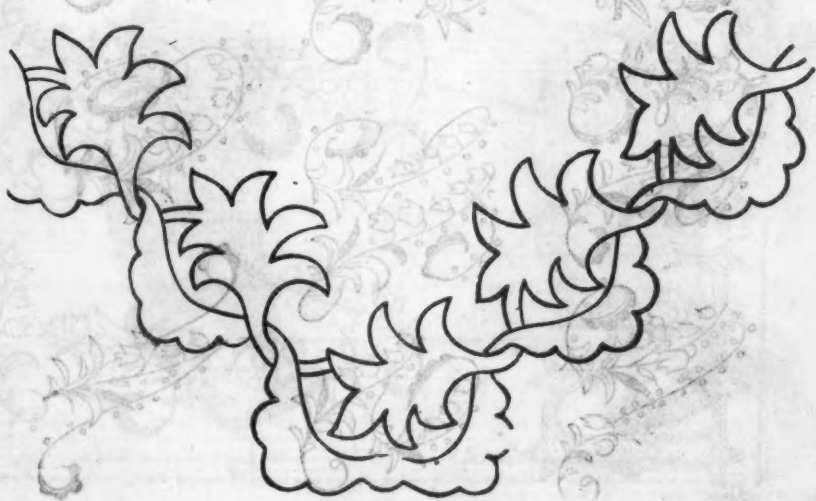
No. 2.—A small shaped sleeve, ornamented with side puffs divided by straps of silk, with lines of jet running through the centre. A strap of silk, studded with jet bead buttons, ornaments the back of the sleeve.

FANCY AND USEFUL NEEDLE-WORK.



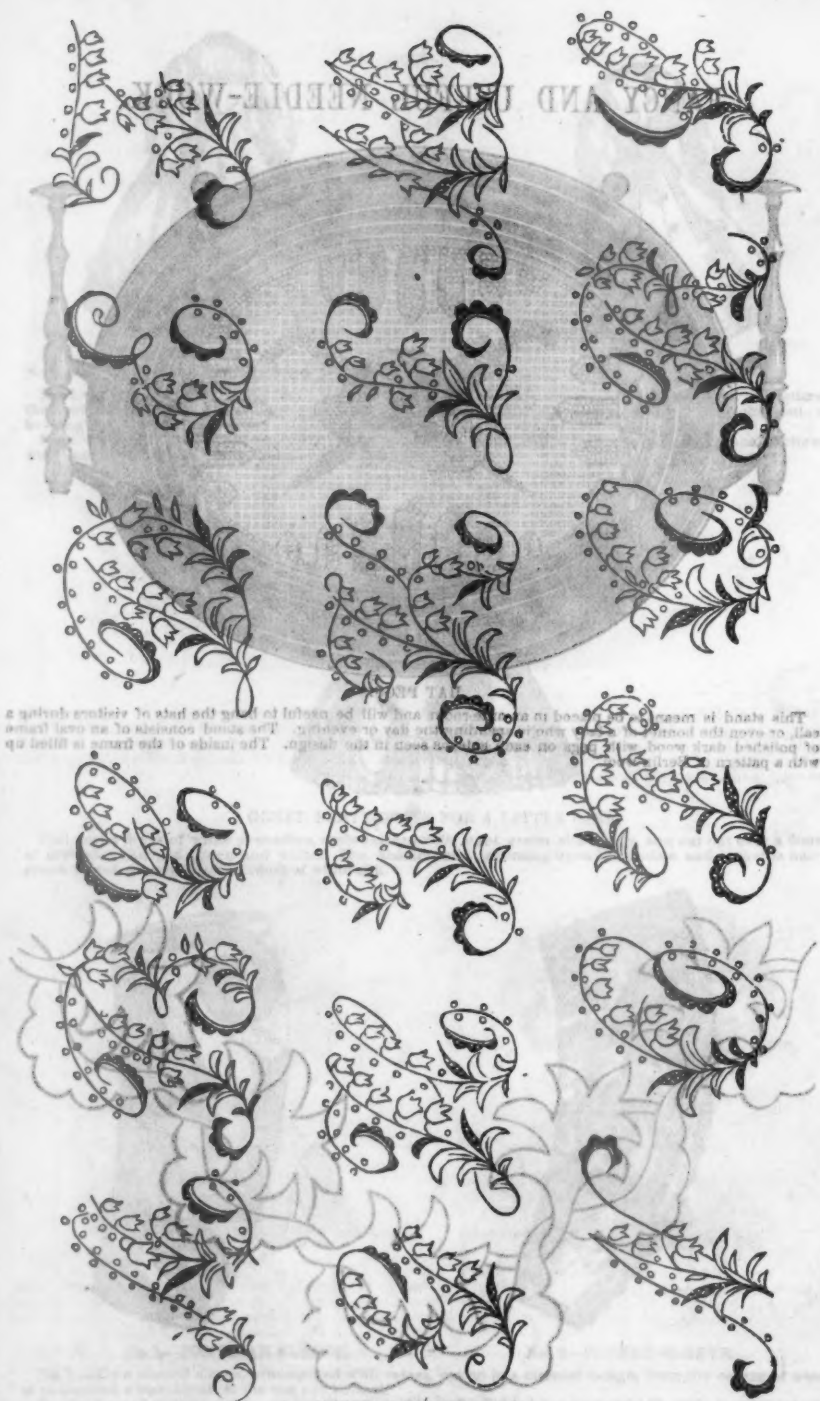
HAT PEGS.

This stand is meant to be placed in an ante-room, and will be useful to hang the hats of visitors during a call, or even the bonnet of a lady who is spending the day or evening. The stand consists of an oval frame of polished dark wood, with pegs on each side, as seen in the design. The inside of the frame is filled up with a pattern of Berlin wool.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

THESE FORMS OF STYLING OF LINES OF THE ARTIST.



LETTERS FORMED OF SPRAYS OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

INITIAL



EMBROIDERY.



NAMES FOR MARKING.



"Music selected by J. A. GETZE"

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

BY CLARIBEL.

VOICE. *Slowly.*

I cannot sing the

PIANO. *mp*

old songs I sung long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, and

foolish tears would flow; For by-gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa - miliar

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

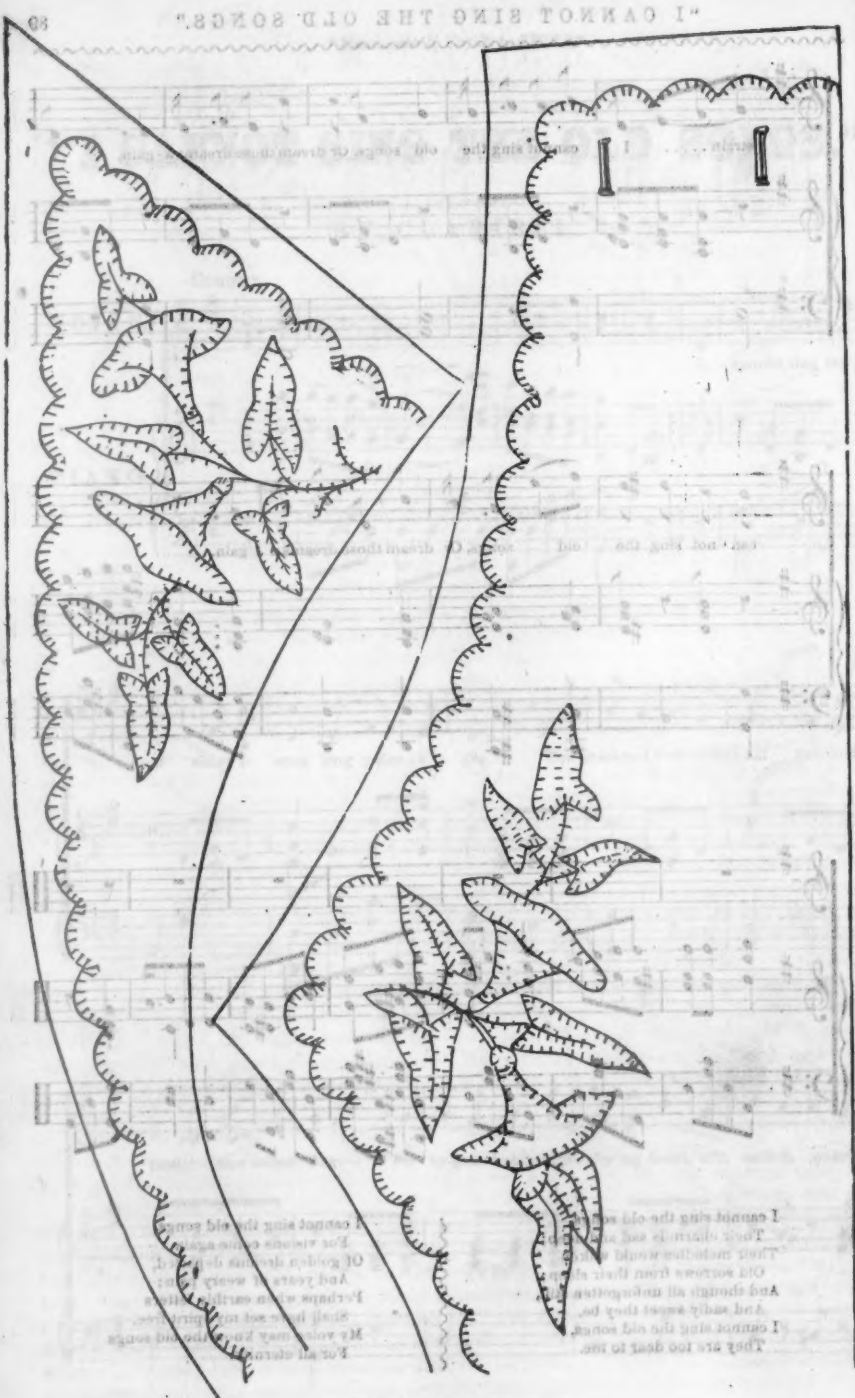
89

strain I cannot sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain,

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.

I cannot sing the old songs,
 Their charm is sad and deep;
 Their melodies would waken
 Old sorrows from their sleep;
 And though all unforgotten still,
 And sadly sweet they be,
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
 For visions come again
 Of golden dreams departed,
 And years of weary pain;
 Perhaps when earthly fetters
 Shall have set my spirit free,
 My voice may know the old songs
 For all eternity.



FASHIONABLE COLLAR AND CUFF.